THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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UNKIND WORDS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We have no balm to heal the wound,
We speak them in an evil hour;
To neutralize their grievous power,
There can no anodyne be found.

We give regrets and bitter tears
That pride of ours should cost so much,
The dear regard and trust of such
As loved us through the fading years.

And yet the ill starred hour will come
When falls the cutting word of ire,
That burns some heart with eating fire,
And love we held, for us is dumb.

And so a spell the dim years weave
O'er many a heart of fearful strength,
And treasured friends become at length
Estranged, though silently they grieve.

MARIE S. L.

THE

DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

AUTHOR OF "THE MORRISONS," &C.

CHAPTER XIX.

DEAD BEAUTY.

There was no one to meet or condole with the horror-struck lover. The twin sisters were lying fainting and raving by turns in Leonore's chamber, watched over by the singularly affected girl. It was not consolation she gave them, for she bitterly reproached herself and them for being unworthy of the love and devotion of such a nature as Olivia's; with self-condemning vehemence she exalted the dead girl to angelic attributes, and frantically apostrophized her happy spirit with prayers for forgiveness. In this excited threnody the sisters joined her, and their unmeasured grief bordered on madness. At the mention of Louis's name, Leonore shrunk within herself and hid her face, and the sisters said,

"No, no, we cannot see him."

Nor would Barbara be induced to meet his white, agonized face; she listened to his striding feet in the drawing-room, and told Mollie she must speak to the poor young gentleman. "I am writing to Mr. Bond, and can see no one."

So Mollie went in timidly and tearfully; and half beguiled of her shyness by her sympathy, approached the poor lover, whose altered face smote her tender heart.

"Oh, sir," she said, "we're all broken-hearted as well as yourself; it's the dreadfullest thing that ever happened; and she was the best and sweetest young lady in the world."

Louis did not despise this homespun comforter. He stood still in his distracted walk and looked at her with grateful kindness.

"Take me to her," he said, humbly.

Mollie led the way up stairs; no one was in the hall now; the two doctors that had taken possession of the chamber of death had sent every one away—some had gone to Stapleton with messages, and some had tried mechanically to resume their usual work; but by far the greater number were assembled in the lower hall, talking in whispers about the dreadful calamity, and endeavoring, by frightened confidences, to sustain each other under the gloomy visitation.

Doctor Wilson, and a brother physician from New York, stopping for a day or two in Stapleton on business, had been summoned. They were standing beside the body, but hastily made way for Mr. Wallace when he entered, and bowed their respectful sympathy. He came near and saw the outline of the placid figure before him, and instantly an indefinable fear of looking upon the face seized his heart. A dread of meeting a fixed and eternal gaze of reproach that would burn into his inmost soul forever held him back, but his conscience acknowledged it to be deserved, and determinedly he brought his eyes to rest upon the dead. It was a groundless fear; calm, indestructible calm, unruffled by joy or pain—a stillness that was like nothing but the kiss of death, reigned there, and not a trace or shadow of any earthly feeling remained. Even in its grief and horror his heart whispered, "she never looked so beautiful before," and if the dead could know or feel a triumph, there was one in the awed glance of almost adoration that overcame every other emotion whilst he gazed upon the beautiful but all unanswering face. The physicians left him there alone, and there he stayed, whilst all day long the avenue was thronged with carriages; and Barbara, whose repugnance to meeting inquiries did not extend beyond the bereaved lover, answered the frightened questions with detailed accounts of how the poor young lady was discovered, and how the sisters were too ill to meet or speak to any living soul but the faithful and devoted Miss Raye.

In the evening Mr. Bond arrived, returning with the messenger who carried him the dismal tidings. Then a search began for some clue to Miss Copeland's state of mind before her singular death occurred. Her papers were examined, and all her nice accounts, kept scrupulously correct, looked into—nothing came of it, only in the pocket of the gown she wore there was a little scrap of paper with the words, "Louis, I commend my poor sisters to your love." And with that slight glimpse of light, the clouds closed densely above the splendid coffin wherein Olivia Copeland, aged 23, was laid and carried to her rest forever beside the body of her aunt, Miss Anne Bessard.

CHAPTER XX.

SUSPICION.

The medical man found much to marvel at in the curious nature of Miss Copeland's death, but there was really nothing to explain. The post-mortem examination elicited nothing beyond some not very clear items concerning the state of the heart and brain. There was congestion to a certain extent, Doctor Wilson said, but neither he nor his coadjutor considered it sufficient to have caused death. Mr. Bond was particularly interested in the investigation, and very dissatisfied and uneasy at its termination.

After the funeral was over, he insisted on seeing Miss Raye privately: and in answer to his summons, Leonore went down into the library, a great room in the east wing of the house, seldom used of late days, and selected by Mr. Bond as a retired spot wherein to carry on the examination of various papers and documents relative to the new division of the property.

Leonore was very much altered by the shock that had electrified the household; she came in with a timid shrinking manner, and sat down silently on the sofa Mr. Bond indicated near him by pointing towards it with a folded paper which he held in his hand.

"This dreadful deprivation throws a new responsibility on the young ladies, Miss Adah and Bertha Copeland;" he looked at her narrowly as he spoke; "they are six or eight days older than you; did you think of that?"

Something in the tone of his question sounded offensively; she looked in his face before answering.

"I never thought of it at all—why should I?" she replied.

"Well, well, be that as it may, they are the mistresses of The Poplars, and to them must be committed the management of affairs; they are not so well fitted for their position as their sister was. You must have thought of that."

"They are not suited at all," she said; "you will have to manage for them. Did you need to send for me to tell you this, sir?"

She spoke seriously and respectfully, and looked at him quietly as if waiting a reply.

"When did you see Miss Copeland last alive?" It was so sudden a question that she started slightly and moved in her chair before answering.

"I saw her last at the tea-table; Mr. Wallace called, and she went into the drawing-room—" she shuddered and hid her face. "When I saw her next, she was dead."

Mr. Bond cleared his throat.

"Would you object to occupy that large room now—the room I mean in which she died?"

"Oh, no, no, I would not stay there for all the world—I should see her constantly before me, with her white, beautiful face always reproaching me." She spoke impetuously, but soon controlled herself. "The apartment belongs to Adah and Bertha, according to their aunt's will. I have no need to speak on the subject."

"You know your fortune is materially increased by Miss Copeland's death."

She looked surprised, and for a moment uncertain.

"No, I did not know it. I have no need for more, and never thought about it at all." She seemed to recognize that the interview was a sort of cross-examination, the questions suggested at random for the purpose of annoying and confusing her; knowing this they failed in effect, for she roused herself, and looked steadily at him, answered calmly and succinctly all he had to ask, with a pointed consciousness of suspecting their design.

"I am boring you, Miss Raye," Mr. Bond interposed, rather hastily, "because you know the near relationship and inexperience of the other young ladies, make it a painful effort to rally after such a blow. Whilst Miss Copeland lived my office was a sinecure—now I shall be obliged to assume active duty."

"Is there anything to be decided in which my individual interest is concerned? if so, I am at your service; if not, I prefer leaving the rest till Adah and Bertha are calm enough to be consulted."

She rose and waited a moment, and then quietly moved towards the door. Mr. Bond followed her with his eyes, but seemed too much interested in watching her appearance, to answer.

She was as perfectly colorless as a figure of marble; and her sweeping mourning robes added to her whiteness by contrast. Her large, brown eyes had a purple tinge around them, and looked almost black in their pallid setting. Her hand trembled as she laid it on the fastening of the door, and she had the air of one who suffered keenly from some inward pang.

"Well, then, I will not detain you," said Mr. Bond at length, and she opened the door and passing Barbara on the threshold hurried out.

"Ah, Barbara, my good friend, come in," said the lawyer.

She came, and standing by the table, glanced furtively at the tall piles of paper at his side, while she said,

"You mentioned that you wished to speak to me, sir, and I was very glad, for I wish to ask you about my business."

"Certainly, Barbara."

"You know that although we are all so sorrowful about Miss Copeland's loss, the house must go on as it did in Miss Bessard's days, and it must have a head too. Will I go to Miss Raye for orders, sir?"

"Why to Miss Raye, Barbara—pray tell me, has she spoken to you of the place she is to assume. I have a reason in asking, and I beg you will tell me all about it?"

Barbara changed color despite the check she put upon herself.

"No, sir, the young lady has not spoken to me, but I only thought, sir—"

"What did you think—Miss Adah and Miss Bertha are the co-heiresses of The Poplars, they are eight days' older than Miss Raye."

Could it have been a groan that Barbara smothered in a cough? She turned away and shook and choked under its influence, it was such a strangling one. Her voice was still unsteady as she asked,

"Is there no mistake—look at the papers again, please. Miss Leonore comes next, I'm sure she does."

"You have received that idea from her, and it is an absurd delusion—" he shook his head very gravely. "I fear it has been a mischievous delusion, too, my good Barbara," he said.

She had recovered from her coughing now, and was quite composed, although the paroxysm had changed her color.

"Then I am to regard the young ladies as joint mistresses?" she asked.

"Certainly; but, Barbara, close the door, please, and come here. You had your mistress's interests much at heart; your first mistress, Miss Bessard, I mean. She looked upon you as a friend and trusted you."

"She was a very noble lady, sir."

"These are her nieces, you know, and this Miss Raye, the creature of her bounty, bound by no tie of relationship, is a different thing. Barbara, do you believe in this young lady, do you think her true, and— Barbara, answer me frankly, do you suspect her of nothing?"

Barbara turned a sickly white, and her lips quivered without forming a word. She stretched out her hand eagerly, as if to prevent Mr. Bond from speaking further, and stammered with strange excitement,

"Oh, she is as pure and true as heaven itself, she is as innocent of all evil as an angel. I beg your pardon, sir, the curious nature of your question startled me. I am inclined to be nervous, and we have had two strange shocks in the past year. I had better go, sir, my duties require more care, since grief unfits the young ladies from all charge in the household. Good-day, sir," and she curtsied herself out of the room.

But she did not hasten to attend to her business. Mollie was waiting in her room to know about the tea time, as Mrs. Wallace of Riverbend was staying with the young ladies, and would most likely share that meal with them. She ran directly to her chamber and closed and locked the door upon herself, crying out, "I was blind and a fool, I have allowed a web to spin itself around my darling's feet, and she has not even gained the vacant place!"

CHAPTER XXI.

PICTURES IN THE AIR.

Time did not tarry, and he carried the horror and bitterness of grief away on his broad pinions. The winter that was to have been so gay, found the family at The Poplars at least calm and submissive. The twin sisters chafed no more at their gloomy dresses, but nursed every outward expression of woe as an offering of memory to Olivia. At first it had been in regretful bitterness that they recalled and exalted her goodness, now it was a sad pleasure that had become habitual to do so. They saw all visitors now, for the theme was their sister, and the simple-minded souls were best satisfied with themselves after they had praised and wept over her with the friends whom they used to rather dread in her lifetime. Mrs. Wallace was the first and nearest of these. She came to see and condole with them constantly, and Adah had learned to look upon her as part of Olivia's memory. Bertha still clung to their mutual sitting-room and Leonore's changeful humor a little too much, but Adah had succeeded in overcoming her fear of Louis, and even sat and talked with him for hours. Mrs. Wallace was a bitterly disappointed woman, and she mourned the loss of her son's affianced with a grief greater than she could express. Olivia suited her entirely, and although as a lover Louis had been erratic, she was convinced that the grand womanly attributes of Olivia's character as his wife would have fixed him steadfast, and exalted his nature; as it was she bowed beneath her burden, and strove to make the best of the load. Louis was greatly shaken, he had felt the wound in his inmost soul, and no one to look on him could doubt how far it had pierced; he was quiet, that was his nature, but he was no longer thoughtless or gay. He avoided society with fixed resolution, and wandered alone on rambling tours all the long autumn. He had returned for the winter, and brought himself, through quite an effort, to visit the hall; his watchful mother knew Olivia's dying charge alone prevailed to take him there, and she saw him look with awakening interest on the drooping, tearful twins, looking very pretty in their tender grief. Adah talked most, and it was easiest to be with her. Leonore he had never seen since her veiled figure went by him in the funeral train, and he noted its bowed grace unconsciously. So he went and sat by Adah's side, and spoke of Olivia as a saint too dear and pure for earth, and watched the childish, trusting creature strive to develope tastes for household cares and emulate the lost girl's perfections. His mother sighed a half-satisfied sigh; it was better than nothing, but oh, dear, what a woman *she* would have been, and how he would have learned to acknowledge her power and honor her. But that was gone now, and here was Adah, not much to rely on, but better than a chance fancy, and she meekly accepted the position, and even aided in its development to the best of her motherly management.

The twin sisters were girls to excite a peculiar interest in their peculiar position; they were too quiet and childish, except when excited by some gayety, to attract attention or admiration under ordinary circumstances, but their grief was appealing, and they turned to every face with an asking look that won for them tenderness and compassion. "Adah is the brighter," determined Mrs. Wallace after much thought, "besides she has fallen most in Louis's way, and this must begin and end in association and pity; afterwards, he'll learn to think of her as men do of their wives, feeling her to be his own, and an object around which to build a home-altar."

And Louis strengthened this project of his mother's by the new and tender phase of character developed in his intercourse with the sisters—to be sure, he scarcely fulfilled her hopes by distinguishing one above the other with his attentions, but Adah by some chance was more in his society, and as his mother argued, this was to be an attachment born of association.

At first Leonore lavished on the bereaved sisters an amount of affection that in its passionate expression seemed to sweep away all the whims and humors of her changeful moods. For the first month of their sorrow she scarcely left them an instant, and Mrs. Wallace observed with some annoyance that the stricken creatures turned to her with blind devotion, and, heartily distrusting the little lady, deprecated her influence over Olivia's sisters. As soon as they began to recover from the intensity of their grief, however, she withdrew almost imperceptibly from their clinging fondness, and one by one reproduced her old freaks of fancy and contradictory humors. Solitude was the first and strongest of these, and nothing could induce her to come out of it, so far as to see or entertain company; and when Adah developed her new ability in assuming the character of hostess, she seemed to feel Bertha's presence but slight restraint upon her, and would let the twining arms of the dependent girl cling around her while she sat on a low lounge in their own room, drawing her curls through her fingers and gazing away before her into the blank distance. This had become a habit; and when she used to leave the girls in times past, it was to go into her own room, and gathering herself up in the corner of the lounge, sit and think. She called it thinking when they asked her about it, but Adah said it looked to her as if she were drawing pictures with her eyes, and Leonore said, "Well, perhaps that is the better name for what I'm doing."

So when Adah had gone into the drawing-room to meet and entertain visitors and Bertha was left alone, she put her arms round Leonore and begged that she might sit beside her while she made her pictures in the air. "For I care for no one in the world now but Adah and you, and Adah has to go and talk to people. Please let me sit by you; I shall be quiet and not annoy you."

Leonore laughed. "What a grand affection; it should be immortal," she said. "You have got used to Adah and me, and feel afraid of strangers—so you call it love."

But she kissed her, though her tone had a tinge of bitterness in it, and bade her sit by her. So it fell out that they would remain for hours, and Bertha would fall asleep with her head in Leonore's lap, while the thinking or dreaming or picturing still went on.

One day Barbara found them sitting thus, and coming in stepped very lightly, lest she should disturb the sleeper. She looked at Leonore as she placed some toilet covers she had brought, and asked, in the soft and almost entreating tone she always used towards her, "Will you not go into the drawing-room, Miss? There is company there that would be glad to see you."

Leonore seemed to come out of a dream to answer. She looked at Barbara a little time, as if turning her words over in her own mind. Then she said: "I am better here, Barbara. I believe I am like one of those creatures that lie dormant a certain portion of their lives; they are generally mischievous and wicked when awake and alert, and it may be a blessing that I have my stupors too."

Barbara came yet nearer to her side, and stooping to smooth a disarranged cover, brought her face close to Leonore's. "Poor Mr. Wallace looks watchfully towards your windows as he comes up the slope, and when you are named changes the whole nature of his expression and manner."

Leonore gave a sharp gasp, and regardless of the head she pillowed, moved quickly towards her. "Never say such things to me, Barbara," she said, solemnly, and caught her arm and held it. "You know more of me than I should ever have cared you to learn, had the choice been mine. Know this also, that though I am not as other girls, formed with sweet, pure impulses for good and gentle deeds, I have still something within me that revolts at absolute evil. I have not learned to guide myself in trifles, but I am guided by a power beyond temptation where real wrong is in question."

"Oh, what is the matter?" complained Bertha, catching herself from falling on the carpet. "Please, don't look that way, Leonore, and don't talk of wrong and temptation and such things. You know we used to worry poor darling Livy so much, and it was dreadfully wrong, but we are sorry for it. I'm sure I've cried until I fall asleep every day of my life, and you've been very sorry, too, Leonore; every one knows you have. Hasn't she, Barbara?"

Barbara was very busy about the cushions. "Yes, Miss," was all her respectful reply when appealed to by the rather confused speaker; and Bertha fled to her stronghold, and put her arms around Leonore and began kissing her, to quiet the excitement she saw, without understanding.

"Don't clasp me so, I shall choke; let me up, pray. I want to be free and walk about. There, forgive me—I did not mean to make you cry."

Bertha, quickly mollified and consoled, ceased her tears as they began to flow, and watched the restless looking girl move about in sudden and inexplicable excitement. Barbara, too, watched, and prolonged her task that she might do so.

Leonore crossed the room once or twice, setting things hastily aside in her progress, and then she settled before the window and began tapping with her fingers on the frost-encrusted pane.

"Did you know Mrs. Raye was very poorly, Miss Bertha?" asked Barbara, still observant. "I thought perhaps you might not have noticed it, but she has not been here of late, and Mollie's cousin, who lives with her, says that she is gone to a shadow."

"Oh, how sad! No, I never thought of her. Dear Olivia used to think of every one; but I don't think I liked the Rayes. What was it? Ah, I know now—he got hurt in the bay window, and they made such a scene and frightened Adah and me so much. Leonore, you were frightened too." Leonore did not respond. Barbara went on: "Mrs. Raye never got entirely well; she was sick then, it seems, and has grown worse and worse in a slow way that the doctors don't understand. She's going home to her uncle's to stay, and Mr. Raye's going abroad."

Bertha roused herself at the announcement. "Dear me, we'll have to go there and call, shall we not? Adah never heard of it, and she cannot be expected to remember all the people. Leonore, couldn't *we* do that? It would be something, you know, and Adah does so much."

Leonore turned round; she had been listening all the while. "Barbara," she said, "that is a strange man, and I have often thought that you knew him, from the expression of your face when he is named." Barbara laughed a blank, meaningless laugh, but did not show her face, being very fully occupied with her work. "He was telling me something curious about Miss Bessard, when suddenly the window was broken that day, and the flint cut his forehead. It was

odd, too, he made me a promise about myself, and from that day to this I have never spoken with him alone."

"It is not well that you should; he is an evil man, no fit companion for innocence, or— I mean, Miss, that I have heard his reputation so discussed."

Leonore gave the housekeeper a look of cold surprise. "You speak boldly on grave subjects," she said. Then she came and sat down again in her old place on the sofa, and Bertha leaned upon her shoulder. The long, loose curls of pale golden hair that fell about the heavy mourning dress of the pretty girl looked soft and shining under a few stray beams of wintry sun that wandered over them. Leonore took them up and drew them through her fingers musingly.

"If I were not so perfectly alone, yet so dependently hedged in by other people that I am voiceless and powerless, I should prize speech and opinion, and think and live rather than dream and exist as I do now. Let it rest as it is; all that is empty and vapid here, is easily touched up into beauty and glory in the pictures I draw. So be done with your pinning and smoothing, Barbara, and shut the door; nestle down to your nap again, Bertha; and I'll take up my pencil where I left off, and finish my picture to suit myself."

Idle talk this—given in idle mood, but the wily woman, who obediently completed her task, and stole silently away, marked and treasured each syllable.

"If I could only see the picture," she said in her heart. "Oh, my darling, my darling, if I dared but beg you for a glimpse, it should be a reality soon, and no longer a fancy to soothe the poor chafing heart. She shall have what she craves. Nothing shall stand between her and her will—my life has swallowed up a double share of misery and gloom; hers shall be spared it all."

CHAPTER XXII.

Barbara had an errand to do down Stapleton way, and she went bravely over the snow and through the cutting winter wind. It was nearing towards twilight, and her thoughts were busy; so that when some one stood before her in the road, she uttered a cry and started back in fright.

It was her old friend, Crazy Jean, who laughed heartily at the alarm she had caused.

"Nervous still, are you, friend Barbara?" she said. "Well, well, that's what one pays for their white hands and lady-like ways. It's all vapors; take to trudging, as I do, for the sake of making my bread, and the winds of all weathers will blow it away. Where are you for, in such haste?"

"I was going to the town for a trifle or two; are you going up to The Poplars?"

"Yes; and I've brought my pack; for do you know, Barbara, I mean to sell favors for a wedding there yet. The fine, young mistress is gone—but if I hear true, the lover will console himself with a sister; there's two of them left."

"Where do you gather your news, Jean?"

"Well, it comes in shreds from all quarters; and I weave it together, into a plain story. The fortune grows no smaller; and the brides are all pretty—if one's lost, another will take her place."

"What I was after, was in your line; and maybe you can serve me without my going farther. I'll turn back with you and see," said Barbara, growing suddenly conscious of her errand to town.

"Maybe so; but Barbara, though you're a deep creature and full of secrecy, I see through you, my dear; and you were going to Stapleton with a little plot in your mind, which you hope to work through me just as well."

"Have your way, if such a fancy suits you," said Barbara, pleasantly; "you always say I'm scheming and designing; it would seem to be to poor purpose, since here I am a servant at the will of others."

"Is there any place in the wide world you would take in exchange for the one you hold now; answer me that, Barbara?"

"That's true," said the housekeeper, meekly; "I'm not fitted to command, and the place is light, and suits me well."

Jean laughed.

"Oh, you deceiver; you stay to work your plans; you stayed with Miss Bessard, because you saw she was old, and strange, and full of whims that you could work on; now you have some stronger interests: but I'll tell you something to please you. I've been at Stapleton over night, and picked up a story. The hero's a noble one for romance, though he's a bit faded in these days, compared to what he was once; and this is the way it runs: Mr. Raye, that's his name, you must know—had a fortune or two of his own, and spent it all; and being so gay and grand that he cannot live without money, he married the rich niece of a good old fellow called Uncle Stephen, who brought him a handsome one. Mr. Raye being a fine gentleman, liked the money, but despised the wife who didn't suit his fancy; nothing does, when it's gained, you know. So he has tried a good many ways to get rid of them both. The money has been flying easily enough—but the poor, devoted woman has been blind, and he couldn't drive her off, do what he would to abuse or insult her. The old uncle not being blind, has been at war with the husband from the first, and distrusting him, had spies about. Somehow the old gentleman got wind of foul play—the constant sickness of the poor, deluded woman, who was clinging to him to her very death, roused his suspicions. And, Barbara, woman, they *do* say—he has found poison at work; and, would you believe it, the fine, noble gallant, has been dragging the sick woman's tea!"

Barbara drew back from the peddler's face, thrust close to her own, at the announcement.

"He's a devil," she hissed, under her breath.

"The old uncle has told the poor wife all, and she's going away in her terror from the man who was slowly murdering her. But there is nothing to be said about it—that is her prayer; he must be spared or she will die."

"Is she gone?" asked Barbara.

"No; she's going to-morrow. And he will leave for Europe, never to return. There's something else, Barbara; and it shows how free I am with my news, that I say all my say so readily; yet you'll not be hard about the charge of a napkin or a piece of linen with me—"

"No, no, I'll pay your first price; but speak, tell me what is the rest. I'll give you a chance to sell all the new covers that are wanting in the breakfast-room; tell me quickly what is there else, I beg of you."

"Mr. Raye was always fond of society—and he means to have a companion with him now. It is all arranged on his part, and—" here she dropped her bantering mood, and spoke with low, deep passion. "I came all the way from New York to warn you, Barbara,—he means to carry off the girl; he has had a snake's eye on her from the first, and he has his plans laid: I found out this from a servant as wicked as himself."

Barbara turned quickly, and looked on all sides—no one was in sight; then she almost fell upon her knees before the grotesque figure at her side, in her thankfulness for a warning that she seemed to value beyond the power of words to express. They soon failed her entirely; and she hurried home at great speed, followed closely and silently by "Crazy Jean," who took up her quarters, as of old, with Mollie and Margery; and had so much to tell of the ways of dressing and living in the great city she had just left, that they would gladly have sat up half the night to have heard it all.

Next day Bertha and Leonore dressed to ride to Stapleton. Leonore had received a line from Mrs. Raye, which begged the pleasure of seeing her for a moment before leaving; she begged her not to fail, as she particularly desired to say something of importance to her; and this was underlined. Mrs. Wallace was at The Poplars to lunch; Adah and she were devising a tiny wreath of hair flowers to surround a picture of Olivia's. The leaves were to be formed of curls cut from Louis's head by his proud mamma in early boyhood, mingled with his manly locks, and the fair curls of her sisters. So Bertha and Leonore went together, rather wondering at the summons. They wondered still more, when, after being detained in the drawing-room a very long while, they were ushered into the presence of a poor, pitiful, frightened looking ghost, that had a faint illusive likeness to the gay, confiding Mrs. Raye, they used to know. She was dressed in travelling array, and just about to go she told them in a weak whisper, and said that she was glad to see them, and so sorry about dear Miss Copeland's loss, but gave no evidence of having sent to beg their presence at her departure. Leonore was so awe-struck with the fearful change misery had wrought, that she forgot the message that had brought her, and looked in wordless pity on the altered face; but Bertha, feeling uncomfortable and ill at ease, plucked at her sleeve to remind her that it was quite late. So they rose to go, after a little time, and Uncle Stephen came in to carry away his poor wreck of a favorite, back to the home she never should have left in such folly.

He was a good, large-hearted looking old man, with a gleam in his eye that showed spirit, and a grasp to his hand that evinced warmth. He touched his poor niece as tenderly as if he had been her mother, and stood with his hat off and his head bowed in the presence of the two pretty young ladies.

"Shall I hand you down?" he asked, "your carriage is not at the door, and I'll call it up for you."

"Where can it be, we left it there but a little while ago—with orders to wait."

"The man has misunderstood, he is not in sight," said Uncle Stephen, looking about the street on all sides.

The young ladies glanced at each other in astonishment.

"Please, sir, Miss Mary's feeling very faint, and she wants you to mix her wine," said a respectable, elderly servant to Uncle Stephen.

He attended immediately.

"You'll excuse me a moment, I know; my poor girl is so weak, I do not dare to leave her. I'll send my man to get your carriage;" so saying, he opened the door of a small reception-room at the right of the passage, and begging them to wait, followed the messenger to his niece's chamber.

"What shall we do?" said Bertha, inclining to despair.

"I will walk," said Leonore, "the man has made a mistake, and gone home; in fact it seems altogether a mistake, for you know the poor lady seemed surprised to see us—and I cannot imagine what it means."

"The woman called her Miss Mary," suggested Bertha, as an additional bewilderment.

"And she never once mentioned her husband," echoed Leonore in the same tone. "Do, pray, let us walk on, I am not afraid of a mile of hard snow."

But Bertha shuddered. "It is so cold and I am tired," she said.

"Then I will go on and send the carriage for you."

"No, that would be dreadful, to stay all alone in this strange house. Oh, dear, I'm sorry that I came, and Peter should be sent away for driving off and leaving us here alone."

So, having nothing better to do, Bertha began to whimper and cry.

Leonore was impatient. "That is silly," she said, angrily. "There's nothing to distress one particularly in waiting here. I'll walk on, and perhaps I may meet Peter in a few steps down the road."

Bertha was not a young lady fitted to encounter difficulties of any kind; so she fretted at remaining, but positively shrunk from the effort of walking on.

The house so soon to be deserted was evidently no place to look for ceremony or attentions, and Leonore argued that Mrs. Raye had become exhausted or grown worse under the excitement of their visit, for the two or three women they had seen about the house were running up and down stairs in great haste, as if something had occurred.

Leonore started determinedly. "It is all that I can do, and much easier than to search for a conveyance here," she said. "Stay here in sight of the hall door, and you'll see Peter in a few moments inquiring for you." She drew her furs round her closely, and pulling down her veil, hurried off before Bertha could interpose any further remonstrance. She had scarcely left the door before, to her intense surprise, Barbara stood beside her, not in her usual dress or appearance, but wrapped in a dark cloak and hood, and looking very pale, as it seemed to her, in the approaching wintry twilight.

"Come on, Miss, I'll tell you my errand further on," she said, hastily. "Come on, please, and keep close to me. Let me walk near you and I'll explain presently. Oh, Miss Leonore, I have been watching for you and my heart has been sinking like lead."

They were at the corner of the road that turned towards The Poplars, and a small carriage was waiting, drawn up beside some trees that skirted the bond.

A man in a driver's coat and hat approached them respectfully. "Miss Raye," he said, taking off his hat and addressing Leonore—"Is not this lady Miss Raye?"

Before Leonore could answer, Barbara said boldly—"This lady is Miss Copeland; Miss Raye is waiting at the Vine Cottage for the carriage from The Poplars. If you have a message for her you can take it there."

Then she seized Leonore's arm and dragged her on, while the man stood for an instant irresolute.

"What are you doing?" exclaimed Leonore, as soon as she could recover her voice for amazement. "What story is this you have invented? Are you mad, Barbara, or why do you look and act like this?"

"To save blood, gasped Barbara. "Come with me, I entreat, I implore you—if you ever listened to human voice, or obeyed human warning, come with me now."

But although the woman spoke with frantic entreaty, the girl was not disposed to yield blindly; she stood still in the middle of the way, and looking back to where the strange driver was about to mount his box and turn his little close carriage, said decidedly—"You must instantly explain to me the meaning of this. I won't be confused and misled in such blind mazes. Why did you tell that man a lie?"

The housekeeper shrank away and muttered, "It would be made clear by-and-by;" but still kept moving about her, as if to prevent her turning back.

"What am I to make out of such a mass of mystery and nonsense? I will not be held back in this way. Something may have happened to Peter, and this man is sent in his place."

"Then go," said Barbara. Her voice sounded quite different from what it had ever sounded before. It was solemn and hollow as the knell of fate.

Leonore did not wait to reply, but ran back the few rods that intervened between them and the clump of trees where the carriage stood. When she reached it and looked back, Barbara was out of sight.

"Did Peter send you, or why did you inquire for me just now?" she asked.

The man said something about waiting for orders, and hung back in a reticent way.

"Can you not drive back to Vine Cottage with me and take up my friend Miss Copeland? It is almost dark, and we want to get to The Poplars as soon as possible."

The man waited, as if listening for a reply, with his head close to the carriage door, and then said "Yes," though in rather a hesitating way.

She looked at him somewhat surprised, and again asking who had sent him for her and why he had stopped her on the road to inquire, in place of going direct to the cottage, where he was sent, she received a mumbled sort of reply that was only partly intelligible, and in her impatience sprang in and bade him drive away in haste.

When the carriage door closed after her, the driver jumped on his box and started at furious speed. The next instant she thrust her face out of the window and screamed, but there was no one to hear the sound, and it was not repeated. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHICAGO.

Our readers probably know that there is considerable good-humored rivalry between Cincinnati and Chicago; and therefore they will not be surprised to hear that we cut the following from a Cincinnati paper. Doubtless the Chicago poets could give as accurate and complimentary an account of Cincinnati:

CHICAGO.

I have been to the North, I have been to the South,
But in travelling a man may afar go,
To the jumping-off place, ere he will find
A town to compare with Chicago.

If you never have altered your name in your life
Nor ever did up to the bar go,
Or else run away with another man's wife,
They won't let you live in Chicago.

Some people send on by Adams Express,
And some put their faith in a Fargo;
But if you would go to the d——l direct,
You must enter yourself at Chicago.

There the infants are fed on whiskey direct,
For liquor they all to their mas go;
And the mulcy-cows give, as a man might expect,
Milk-punch in the town of Chicago.

Yet it can not be said that their morals are bad,
Or that they too much below par go,
For the devil a moral the folks ever had
Who live in the town of Chicago.

Oh, Sodom was "some," and Gomorrah was "great,"
And in Venice each man's an Iago;
But the beautiful city that takes them all down
Is the elegant *ville* of Chicago.

☞ A writer in the February number of Putnam gives an amusing instance of learned simplicity. He travelled by rail, in Europe, with a Jewish Rabbi—a man of respectable appearance and much intelligence in his way—who asked him where the locomotive got hot water! The traveller explained that the water was boiled by the fire of the furnace. "Ah! oui-oui-oui-oui—ca-ca!" replied the Rabbi, quite edified, "but of course they must have some hot water at the very first to begin with, before they start!"

☞ We have good news for the children. Hereafter, dolls are to be cared for. A London toy dealer advertises his establishment as "Dolly's Hospital." He undertakes to cure all complaints incidental to dollhood. Lost hair is restored, bodily defects are remedied, impaired vision corrected, damaged limbs made whole, and young heads put upon old shoulders.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1868.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

NOT MEXICO.

For a short period during the first excitement of the Impeachment, we began to doubt whether we were living in the United States or in Mexico—but the sober second thought of the people soon rectified the blunders of foolish partisans.

The House of Representatives has an undoubted right to impeach the President, or the Acting President, whichever his true position may be. Its members have the right to judge for themselves of the propriety of their course.

The Senate has the undoubted right—nay more it is its duty—to sit in judgment on the charges that are brought by the House—and acquit, or find guilty, as a majority of two-thirds sees proper.

If the Senate finds President Johnson guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors, he must, and doubtless will, without any hesitation, conform to that judgment.

It may be said, that both House and Senate may act in the spirit of mere partisans, and alike accuse and condemn without sufficient evidence. Undoubtedly they may. But the Constitution supposes that they will not.

If they do act as mere partisans, their punishment will be the rebuke of the people. In the Autumn, the Republican party goes before the People—with its candidate for the Presidency, its candidates for Congress. The fair or unfair manner in which the Impeachment trial has been conducted, will be an important element in the canvass. In fact, the Impeachers themselves will be then put on their trial, before the great Jury of the People of the United States.

And thus there is no need of soldiers and bayonets—no need to make these United States a Mexico or St. Domingo. Ultimately all these vexed questions must be decided by the people. Ultimately the will of the people will prevail. Both the contending parties profess to desire this. Let all then be done peaceably, legally, and in order. It will be no recommendation to either party, in the great Presidential and Congressional campaign of the coming Autumn, that it has needlessly broken the peace, and plunged the Union into civil strife.

TAXATION.

From a recent statement of the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, in the House of Representatives, we are glad to see that the Committee are satisfied that the tax of 5 per cent. on the manufactures of the country, can be and ought to be given up. A few articles of luxury, such as jewels, gold watch cases, billiard tables, &c., the committee think ought still to be taxed.

Mr. Schenck further stated that the committee had not come to a definite decision relative to the income tax. We trust they will, however, and report in favor of abolishing this inquisitorial and oppressive tax.

In truth the only way to make the Government economical, seems to be to reduce its income. While Congress and the Executive can get money to spend, they will spend it. Cut down the income, and it will necessitate a reduction of expenditures.

Reduce expenses, reduce taxation—this will do more to help the industry and the business of the country than the most cunningly devised financial schemes. For seven years now we have been burning our candle at both ends. We must alter all this, and burn it at only one end, and keep the wick pretty closely snuffed at that. Economy and industry are the two great needs of the country. Take care of the pennies, and the dollars, and the public debt, will take care of themselves.

☞ A "Matron," who seems to be in charge of some benevolent institution, writes us to know if any of our readers can give her a receipt for getting clear of the lice in the heads of new comers—"something that would destroy the eggs (or nits) without hurting the hair or head." Who can give "Matron" any receipt of the kind desired—we expect she knows herself the usual receipt, cleanliness and a fine-tooth comb.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

I WAS LEAN AND I BECAME STOUT. This is a little pamphlet "humbly presenting (the author says) some ideas that are really true, though they read like fiction." Published by A. Williams & Co., Boston. Price 25 cts.

SERIALS. We have received the March numbers of "HARPER'S MAGAZINE," and "THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY"—both full of excellent articles.

"THE NURSERY," and "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR," two excellent periodicals for children, are also received.

AMERICAN NOTES AND THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER. By CHARLES DICKENS. People's Edition. Price $1.50. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE LADY'S AND GENTLEMEN'S SCIENCE OF ETIQUETTE. By Count D'ORSAY and Countess DE CALABRELLA. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada. Price 50 cents.

ORVILLE COLLEGE. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD. Price 50 cents. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THORN FRUIT. A Novel. By CLIFFORD LANIER, of Georgia. Published by Bedlock & Co., New York. Price 50 cents.

BLEAK HOUSE. By CHARLES DICKENS. Price 35 cents.

KENILWORTH. By Sir WALTER SCOTT. Price 20 cents. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

A Crow Roost.

A Very Remarkable Phenomenon.

LEXINGTON, KY., Feb. 20.—One of the most remarkable sights in Kentucky is the crow roost, seven miles from Lexington, on the Danville pike. The roost is so old that the mind of the oldest inhabitant of the blue grass region runneth not to the contrary. Many years ago the roost was nearer Lexington, but as the trees were cut away the crows moved southward, always seeking the next piece of timber. At the present there are no large forests in the country near the city, and many pieces of timber have been called into requisition to lodge their black highnesses. Hundreds sleep in the open fields for want of a limb, and the wrangle over a desirable bed in a treetop is something fearful. By the amount of cawing and jawing done every evening, we should think the question of reconstructing the roost, or moving it altogether, was under discussion. Whether the crows will ever abandon their ancient roosts is a matter of some doubt, but judging by the fact that hundreds, if not to say thousands, have already given up the trees and roost on the ground, we incline to the opinion that when there are no more trees all will content themselves with a bed on mother earth. A gentleman who lives near the roost, and who has a fine locust grove in front of his house, was surprised one evening to see it black with crows. For a time it all went well, but the roost became popular, and every evening there was a wrangle to see who would get it. As the desirable place would hold only a few hundreds, and there were some thousands who nightly applied for lodging, the noise and confusion became intolerable. Sometimes in the middle of the night an over-loaded limb would break, and then a battle would ensue, lasting not unfrequently until daylight. Tired out with the din that banished the idea of sleep, one night the old fellow and his son sallied out with shot-guns and slew some hundreds of their annoying visitors. Next morning the crows were all gone, and returned no more to that grove.

The other evening we drove out to the roost, and witnessed a sight we shall not soon forget. It was four o'clock when we arrived on the ground, and already the crows had began to arrive. At sundown they were coming from all directions, and long lines continued entering the woods from every quarter until dark. Each flock had its flier or leader, who flew over the tree tops until he found his roost, when the head of the column lighted, the rest circling round and round and winding themselves about the chief. Only a few crows would light on the same tree where the leader lighted, from which fact we judge he is a sort of an aristocrat with the common herd, and that the persons who slept on his tree were his royal family and crows high in authority in the flock. Whether we imagine it or not, certain it is that on one tree only two or three crows sat, who kept up an incessant cawing, and every now and then one would quit the tree, and, after flying to an approaching flock, would return and apparently report to an old fellow who sat on the topmost branch, and never quitted his position, but kept flapping his wings and constantly grumbling about something. He may have been the king of all the crow nation, and we regretted exceedingly that we did not understand the crow language, so we could report him correctly to the many readers of the *Commercial*. At times the venerable cuss spoke in a highly excited and guttural tone, and, if we may be allowed to judge by his motions, he was considerable of a tyrant in his governmental affairs. The crows did not seem afraid of us, and were evidently used to human visitors. We drove up quite close to trees bending beneath their weight; but these birds, usually so shy, did not mind us much until my companion imitated the explosion of a gun, when a scene that beggars description followed. Instantly cries rose from all parts of the woods, and thousands of crows flew into the air, circling round and round us, cawing vociferously. At times the noise was so great, that, although sitting side by side in the buggy, we had to speak loudly in order to be heard, by each other. Having raised great distress among our black friends, we drove off, but for miles saw flocks in the air still coming to roost. The rustle of the wings in flying was one of the most peculiar sounds we ever heard; a large flock passing silently over our heads, we paused to listen, and could compare the noise to nothing but the flutter of a million fans, or the rumpling of vast pieces of silk. Although the crows will not abandon their roosts, it is a most annoying one, the boys from the city and adjoining farms frequently going out with dogs and guns and killing hundreds of them. On a dark night they will not fly from a torch, and if it is wet and drizzly you can hardly start them up. A double-barrelled shot-gun, or an old musket loaded with slugs, when fired off under a large tree, has been known to bring down as many as forty birds. This inhuman murder is frequently practiced by the youngsters, who make bets on how many crows they can bring down at a single shot. If startled out of their sleep, the crows fly from tree to tree, and seem quite helpless, losing in the night time all that cunning which characterizes them in daylight. When the firing continues for any time they will fly into the open fields and there sleep until daylight. As soon as the day begins to break they quit their roost and go, no one knows where. It has been estimated that a crow will fly a hundred miles for his breakfast, and return after supper, and we have not the least doubt that many of the crows who sleep in Kentucky are citizens of Ohio and Illinois. We think that about one million crows sleep at the Church Roost, and about the last of March they will leave us and scatter themselves over the Northern states, returning again next fall to spend the winter with us. A gentleman who has closely observed them for many years, says that every year they decrease in numbers, that they are slowly passing away, and, in time, like the poor Indian, will become a defunct race on this continent.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

☞ The Pall Mall Gazette, in a recent criticism, thus mildly animadverts on an author's plagiarism; "Nor is our author free from the reprehensible practice of omitting quotation marks where they should obviously be inserted."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE IMPEACHMENT.—The Impeachment resolution was adopted in the U. S. House of Representatives on the 24th, by a vote of 126 yeas to 47 nays. Messrs. Stewart, of New York, and Carey, of Ohio, voted with the Democrats against impeachment. Messrs. Stevens and Boutwell were appointed a Committee to inform the Senate of the action of the House. A Committee of seven, with Mr. Boutwell as Chairman, was then appointed to prepare the articles of impeachment.

The President has nominated Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, to be Secretary of War. He also sent to the Senate a message, arguing that he had a right, even under the Tenure of Office Act, to remove Mr. Stanton, and make a new appointment, and saying that his action was for the purpose of obtaining a legal vindication of his Constitutional privileges.

Adjutant General Thomas appeared before Judge Cartter, and waived an examination. Judge Cartter ordered the General to be dismissed, thus preventing an application by Gen. Thomas for a writ of habeas corpus to get the case before the Supreme Court.

Immediately after the discharge of Gen. Thomas, a suit was commenced by him against Secretary Stanton, for false imprisonment and mischievous prosecution. Damages one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

THE TEN ARTICLES OF IMPEACHMENT.—The House Committee has agreed upon and will report ten articles of impeachment, all of them clustering around the removal of Secretary Stanton. Six of them are based on the violation of the Tenure of Office bill, and four on what is an indictable offence—conspiracy against the United States, as defined in the Conspiracy act of 1861. The tenth article sets forth the President's attempt to induce Gen. Emory to obey his orders without having them transmitted through General Grant.

CONGRESS.—In the U. S. Senate, on the 24th, Mr. Williams, of Oregon, introduced a bill submitting amendments to State Constitutions to the action of Congress.

In the Senate, on the 25th, Mr. Chandler, of Mich., presented a telegram from the Governor of that state, urging the Senate "not to falter in executing the law against the Executive." After some discussion the Senate refused to receive it, on a point made that it had nothing to do with the business of the Senate. The Committee of the House to impeach the President was introduced, and Mr. Stevens announced the action of the House. The President of the Senate replied, "The Senate will take due order in the premises." The message of the House was then, on motion of Mr. Howard, of Mich., referred to a special Committee of seven. The Supplemental Reconstruction Bill, allowing a majority of votes cast in the unreconstructed states to decide election, and registered voters to vote anywhere in a state, was passed, with an amendment, providing for the election of state officers and Congressmen on the same day with the election for the new Constitutions.

In the House, the rules were suspended and new rules adopted to "prevent dilatory motions" during the impeachment business, so as to secure a speedy vote on the impeachment articles.

In the House, on motion of Mr. Julian, of Indiana, the Public Lands Committee was directed to inquire into the expediency of excusing honorably discharged soldiers from payment of fees under the Homestead Law. The bill providing for payment of pensions out of the Naval Pension Fund was taken from the table and referred. Mr. Van Horn, of New York, offered a resolution, which was adopted, directing the Secretary of War to give damaged and captured cannon to the Lincoln Monument Association, for the casting of statues, when the contributions in the hands of the association amount to $100,000. The Senate amendments to the Supplementary Reconstruction Bill, were concurred in, and the bill goes to the President. A message was received from the Senate, declaring that proper order will be taken on impeachment, and due notice given to the House.

NITRO GLYCERINE.—On the 28th, in the House of Representatives, the Speaker interrupted the business to read a letter from Superintendent Kennedy, of New York, to the Chief of the Washington police. It communicated information from Col. T. P. Shaffner, President of the United States Blasting Oil Company, to the effect that 165 pounds of nitro-glycerine, which had been delivered on an order, now pronounced a forgery, have disappeared from New York, and Mr. Kennedy thinks that the nitro-glycerine, "if intended for mischief, is more likely for use in Washington than elsewhere." The reading produced a sensation; a number of the members soon vacated their seats, and the House shortly afterwards adjourned. It is not unlikely, however, that this nitro-glycerine is intended for some Fenian purpose.

PENNSYLVANIA.—In the Pennsylvania Senate, a bill was introduced authorizing mining and manufacturing companies to sell their property by a majority vote of the stockholders.

The resolutions approving of impeachment were adopted by a party vote.

KANSAS.—The lower House of the Kansas Legislature has concurred in the Senate bill allowing all persons to practice law, without distinction of sex or color.

NEW JERSEY.—Gov. Ward, of New Jersey, has vetoed the resolutions withdrawing New Jersey's assent to the fourteenth amendment.

The New Jersey Legislature has adopted resolutions of sympathy for President Johnson.

CALIFORNIA.—The excitement over the impeachment question in California is intense. The Democratic Legislature has passed resolutions indorsing the President.

ARKANSAS.—In Arkansas, the Reconstruction Convention having framed a new State Constitution, General Gillem has ordered an election, "beginning the 15th day of March, 1868, and continuing until completed." The election, it will thus be seen, is to continue for an indefinite period.

MISSISSIPPI.—The Mississippi Convention has adopted sections of the bill of rights prohibiting dueling and the imposition of a property or educational qualification for voters.

NEW ENGLAND.—A drought prevails in various parts of New England—and it is announced that it is a long time since there has been sufficient rain in the centre of Maine to raise the springs, and the consequence is that many wells are dry and springs low, and there is difficulty in many places in getting sufficient water for daily use.

LOUISIANA.—The New Orleans aldermen removed by Gen. Hancock have been reinstated by order of Gen. Grant. It is rumored that Gen. Hancock will ask to be relieved.

FLORIDA.—The Florida Convention has completed its new Constitution. Universal suffrage, without proscription or test oaths, is established, an educational qualification being required after 1880. Foreigners are allowed to vote on declaration of their intentions. The election is to begin on the 6th of April.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—A Committee of the South Carolina Convention has returned from Washington with the information that the Republicans do not wish the election of colored Congressmen.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—The Democratic National Nomination Convention will meet in New York on the 4th of July.

DEATH OF GEN. MCCALL.—Gen. George Archibald McCall, well known for many years as a talented and eminent officer of the United States Army, died at his residence, near West Chester, in Pennsylvania, on Tuesday week, aged sixty-six years.

Foreign Intelligence.

ENGLAND.—Earl Derby has resigned the Premiership, on account of bad health, and the resignation has been accepted by the Queen. D'Israeli will replace Derby as Prime Minister.

FRANCE.—The *Independence Belge* notices the general feeling of approaching war which prevails, saying the vast military preparations which are now going on in all parts of France, are of a character and on a scale which lead to the conviction that they are designed to meet other purposes than national defence.

PRUSSIA.—Negotiations by the Hon. George Bancroft, on the subject of the naturalization of Germans in America, &c., have been brought to a successful issue. The North German Bund agrees to fully recognize and accord all the rights exempting from military duty, &c., of native born Americans and Germans naturalized according to law, as citizens of the United States, after they have spent five years in the United States. The treaty to this effect was signed by Mr. Bancroft on January 22.

RUSSIA.—Russia appears to be relenting in her harsh rule of Poland. It is stated that the Russian papers have suddenly veered round, and begun to use the language of commiseration towards the unhappy Poles. This expression of amiable and conciliatory sentiments is, of course, done by order of the Russian Government. It is noticed, also, that three of the Polish nobles who have been loyal, but at the same time Liberal, have been summoned to St. Petersburg to confer with the Government on some matter which is supposed to be of great political importance.

Artificial Stone.

The following is a brief description of the mode in which artificial stone is made in St. Louis—to which we recently alluded in a paragraph:—

Manufacturing artificial stone is a business in St. Louis. There is a concern there which makes out of common sand a mantel equal to one of white marble, and sells it for about ten dollars. The sand, in a few hours, is converted into rock precisely similar to the strata and ledges beneath the earth that have required ages to form them. The process is strictly scientific and chemical. The materials used are common brown or white sand, soda, flint, chlorine and calcium. The flint, which is the cementing agent, is melted by being subjected to heat, in connection with soda. Flint, in its chemical constitution, is an acid, and, like all other acids, readily combines with an alkali. Combined with soda, the flint (silica) forms a silicate of soda—a thick, viscid, transparent substance, very much like glue. If it is too thin when first made, it is reduced by evaporation in pans till it reaches the proper consistency. It is then mixed with the sand, in a mill from which the mixture comes forth a good deal like wet brown sugar. This substance is called "pug." It is very plastic, and works as easily in the hand as wet clay or putty. Each moulder has a quantity of the "pug" placed in a box on the end of his work-bench, from which he takes handfulls as he requires it to press into the mould. It matters not whether the mould is a rosette, a diamond, a flower, or a leaf ornament—a keystone, a vase, a pedestal, or the section of a mantel-piece—he moulds anything and everything with equal ease, beauty and accuracy; and when the form is taken from the mould the product is a plastic ornament more perfect and beautiful than a carver could execute in a week of constant and patient labor.

☞ A Canadian clergyman not long since was called upon by an Irish girl who inquired how much he asked for "marrying anybody." He replied, "a dollar and a half," and Biddy departed. A few evenings later, on being summoned to the door, he was accosted by the same person, with the remark that she had come to be married. "Very well," said the minister; but, perceiving with astonishment that she was alone, he continued, "where is the man?" An expression of disappointment and chagrin, too ludicrous to be described, passed over Biddy's features as she ejaculated, "and don't you find the man for a dollar and a half?"

☞ A torrent of boiling water recently burst up through the shaft of an artesian well which was being sunk at La Crosse, Wis., scalding several men and melting off the snow for some six acres around.

☞ The most affecting instance of the power of music is that presented by the troubadour mentioned in the song. He sang so sweetly that he actually "touched his guitar."

☞ An actress lately appeared on the stage in Paris enveloped only in a halo of electric light. If the apparatus had ceased to work she would have had nothing on, and possibly—caught cold.

Sergeant Bates Carrying The Flag.

Our readers have perhaps heard something of Sergeant Bates and his Flag enterprise. A special correspondent of the Philadelphia Telegraph, (a Republican paper) writing from Montgomery, Alabama, under date of February 20th, says:—

"To-day I had the pleasure of meeting Sergeant G. H. Bates, the noble, daring Union soldier of Wisconsin, who is carrying the flag of his country from Vicksburg, Mississippi, to Washington City, through the capitals of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia—a distance of upwards of fifteen hundred miles—who fully corroborates all I have witnessed among the Southern people. He tells me he never witnessed more enthusiasm in Northern cities and towns through which the Union soldiers marched to and from their well fought battles, nor more devotion to the old flag, than he has since leaving Vicksburg on the 28th of January. This, he says, is not only the case in towns and cities, but along the highways of the interior counties, through the swamps and everywhere, the same love and interest is manifested. Nowhere on his route has he received an insult, but on the contrary, the most enthusiastic kindness.

"He told me that during a political discussion, early in January, in the town in which he lives, in Wisconsin, it was asserted that if the military were withdrawn from the South and the flags left flying from every pole, the Southerners would destroy the flags and make it too hot for a Union soldier to go anywhere in the South unless heavily armed. Bates said he did not believe any such thing. The matter was pressed upon him so hard that in a thoughtless way he proposed if they would pay his family one dollar per day, he would walk from Vicksburg to Washington, carry the flag of his country, and proceed the whole distance unarmed. He was taken up, and articles of agreement were prepared and signed. The march was commenced as stated, and on the 30th of January he arrived in Jackson, Mississippi, 45 miles; February 5, Meridian, 93 miles; 8th, Demopolis, 60 miles; 11th, Selma, 50 miles; and 15th reached Montgomery. At each place he had receptions of the most decided character. In one instance, he told me, a Confederate soldier rode forty-five miles on horseback to see him, and the meeting, as described by himself, must have been affecting in the extreme. In other cases where mothers had lost valued sons, and sisters dear fathers, and much loved brothers, he said they met him by the road-side, offered him every comfort, bid him God-speed, and wept like children. In this city (Montgomery) where the 'Confederacy' was established, and Jeff. Davis inaugurated President, the reception was grand, imposing and glorious. From five to seven thousand persons participated. Judge Clitherall, an old and rabid secessionist, was the spokesman on the occasion. The following is a portion of his address to the Sergeant:—

"'Up to this time, I am authorized by Mr. Bates to say, that he has met with nothing but kindness and unmeasured hospitality. Here in Montgomery, the city in which the Confederate Government was framed and put in motion, it is fit that the grand idea embraced in the undertaking of Sergeant Bates shall meet with the greatest approval. We are charged by our enemies with being Rebels still; that we still hate the flag of the Union, and are still plotting to wage another war against it. Behold the grand refutation of the vile and senseless slander. The Marshal of the day and his six assistants, each of them was an officer in the Confederate army; the flag of the Union is borne at the head of the procession by an ex-Confederate captain; he who addresses you to-day was born a secessionist, and to the best of his ability gave earnest aid and honest comfort to the Confederate cause, and so was he who responds for Sergeant Bates. Ninety-five of every hundred of the vast audience I address did the same. We fought through four long years; we suffered as a people never suffered before on this continent. We fought earnestly when Hope encouraged us, and when on the verge of final defeat Despair had encircled our hearts with its icy folds, we fought still, and even in defeat commanded the admiration and respect of our conquerors. The God of Battles decided the issue against us. We lost all save our honor. Of *that* none but ourselves could deprive us. We surrendered to the fiat of the All Wise. We did so in good faith, and of that good faith we here to-day give earnest, honest, well-considered proof. Let us on all occasions, as we have done to-day, prove by our deeds, which cannot lie, that the true men of the South, the Southern soldiers, the Southern gentlemen, are, of all others, the men most loyal to the constitutional Union of the United States of America. Sergeant Bates, as the representative of the citizens of Montgomery, I welcome you to our city. In their name I invite you to become our guest. The enterprise you have undertaken we approve, the flag you bear we acknowledge as the flag of our common country, and as such we this day meet to do it honor. The purpose which prompted you to undertake this arduous journey of fifteen hundred miles on foot is a noble one; its accomplishment will secure to you a place upon the roll of American patriots. May God speed, guide, and guard you on your way. The best wishes of our brave men; the most fervent prayers of our lovely women, are with you, and for you, and if any wretch in human form could be found so base as to place the least impediment in your way, 'it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the depths of the sea.'

"'Again, sir, in behalf of the citizens of Montgomery, I greet you, and cordially tender you the hospitalities of our homes, and the warmest wishes of our hearts for your success in this and every other honest purpose of your life.'

"Sergeant Bates is thirty years of age, and dressed in a black velvet suit and velvet cap. His height is 5 feet 7½ inches, and weight 142 pounds. His chest measures 38 inches, and waist 32 inches. The flag he carries is a beautiful silk one, 56½ inches long and 34½ wide, attached to a pole 81½ inches long and 1½ in diameter. It was presented to him by the ladies of Vicksburg, through Colonel I. M. Partridge.

"Since he started the citizens of Jackson, Edwards's Station, and Selma have forwarded sums of money to his family, and the citizens of Montgomery are raising a fund for a similar purpose. Here he has been presented with a splendid silk sash three yards long and 18 inches wide, on which is inscribed, 'Presented to Sergeant G. H. Bates by the ladies of Montgomery, Ala. Mrs. Vernon H. Vaughan, President; Mrs. A. L. O'Brien, Secretary.' The husband of the former was a captain under General Withers, and the other a captain of the 17th Alabama, both Southern. Mr. O'Brien lost a leg during the war.

"In passing through Chicago to Vicksburg, Bates told me he was ridiculed for his attempt to accomplish his purpose, and was told that he would not dare to come to Montgomery unarmed and unattended. He replied he would ascend the Capitol of Alabama, and salute, with his flag, the North, the East, the South, and the West, right over the spot where Davis stood at his inauguration. This promise was literally fulfilled yesterday, amid the hearty cheers of ten thousand men, women, and children, a far larger throng than assembled to see the Confederacy start, and aroused far greater enthusiasm."

Pretty English Valentines.

An English writer says:—Imagine a box of white, blue, mauve, rose, or purple, trimmed with rich blonde and feathers, arriving on the morning of the 14th inst. At a gentle pressure the lid rises, and sweet sounds, sweet sights, and sweet scents at once delight the happy receiver of this valentine. What is the sound? Fairy music from a concealed musical-box. The sights? A fairy lake, in whose placid bosom are reflected aquatic plants, and leaves, and blossoms, as well as your own eyes. A humming-bird is singing in this lovely nest, and beneath the whole lie verses, whose beauty is enhanced by a wreath of flowers, in lifelike painting. Another has the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet on the outside; the interior is filled with a humming-bird's nest among snowy blossoms and begonia leaves, water-lilies and their half-opened buds. This also conceals a musical-box. Another is composed of white satin, richly painted. On opening this charming casket the fairy music begins, and a wreath of graceful ferns alone appears; a touch on the middle of the wreath, and lo! it divides, and a lovely smiling cherub, a Cupid, in fact, appears, offering a letter in his rosy little hands. Another touch, and this darling boy retires; but who would wish to, who *could* shut up Cupid on his patron saint's day?

If a modern Orpheus would enchant a modern Eurydice, Mons. Rimmel can supply him with a valentine that will prove irresistible. It is in the form of a lyre, such as Sappho might have used. It is of blue and gold, with golden strings, and when opened this lovely valentine is full of exquisite birds and flowers—birds that warble, flowers that shed a delicious scent—and forms a casket for jewelry worthy of the fairest of the daughters of Merrie England. Truly this is a peerless valentine.

Salt in the Animal System.

We lately read an article in a medical journal which denounced the use of salt as a condiment, stating that it was "never useful, always injurious." But Herr Schultz, a chemist of Berlin, claims, after long and patient researches, to have found the cause of electricity in human bodies. He attributes it to the presence of chloride of sodium, or common salt, in the system. In his experiments he asserts that the amount of electricity was always in direct proportion to the quantity of chloride of sodium found in the tissues. He would advise, therefore, all invalids suffering for want of electricity in the system, to use salt liberally with their food, and to avail themselves freely of the benefits of ocean breezes and baths. There can be no reasonable doubt of the benefit of salt to the human body. It would seem as superfluous to discuss the propriety of using common salt with our food as to argue the healthfulness of water or bread, as salt has been almost universally used by both men and animals since the creation of the world. "Salt," says the "Encyclopædia Britannica," "forms an essential constituent of the blood, the loss of saline particles therefrom by the secretions, the tears, the bile, &c., being repaired by the use of common salt as a condiment." And further, "The gastric juice of the stomach contains free hydro-chloric acid, which is doubtless derived from salt taken with food." In Brandt's Encyclopædia is the following statement: "Salt is, next to bread, the most important necessary of life." "Stockhardt's Chemistry" says:—"We find common salt everywhere in nature, because it is indispensable to the life of animals and plants." In fact, and in short, digestion, and even life itself, would cease were it not for the presence of salt in the human system.

☞ A mutilated United States note, if less than one-twentieth of the note is missing, can be redeemed on presentation to any of the Sub-Treasurers; but if more than one-twentieth of the note is gone, and there is no proof that the missing portion has been destroyed, the fragment can be redeemed only at the Treasury in Washington, where the proportionate value will be given, reckoning by twentieths. So, also, with compound interest and other interest-bearing notes of the Government. Unmutilated fractional currency, when properly assorted, and in sums less than $3, will be redeemed by any of the Assistant-Treasurers of the Government. When mutilated, the same rule holds as for United States notes. A National bank, however, is bound to redeem its mutilated notes on demand, in lawful money, if it has no reason to believe that the missing portions of the note can be used to defraud. If the banks, in redeeming the notes, allow full value for them, the Controller will also allow full value for them when returned to him.

☞ Information wanted of a lady who gave a child three years old to Mrs. Mallory, in Boston, Mass., in October, 1852; also left with the child a ring, on which was engraved "A Eugenia, 1839." Any person knowing of her whereabouts, who will address Edward W. Stuart, Quincy, Ill., will confer on him a great favor, as it may be the means of his finding his parents. Other papers please copy.

BABY'S STOCKING.

Hang up the baby's stocking,
Be sure you don't forget;
The dear little dimpled darling!
She never saw Christmas yet.
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understood me,
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear, dear! what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then, for the baby's Christmas
It never will do at all;
Why, Santa Claus wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what we'll do for the baby!
I've thought of the very best plan;
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma—
The longest that ever I can.
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner—so,
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here;
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year;
But she's just the blessedest baby,
And now, before you go,
Just cram her stocking with goodies,
From the top clear down to the toe."

☞ The celebrated trotting stallion Bashaw, Jr., who has a reputation throughout the West as a "footer and stayer," was purchased by Mr. A. F. Fawcett, the former owner of Dexter, in Chicago a few days since. It is stated by a Chicago paper that Mr. Fawcett requested Mr. David Kelly, the owner of the horse, to name his price, when the latter replied, jocularly, that he would sell him for $14.50 per pound, after the manner of selling cattle. Mr. Fawcett immediately accepted the proposition. The horse was accordingly put upon the scales, and weighed 1,040 pounds, making the amount to be paid $15,080.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-cowtf

ONE OUNCE OF GOLD will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. feb22-1y

NEVER lose sight of this fact, that DR. TURNER'S TIC DOULOUREUX OR UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL is *the* remedy for Neuralgia, Nervache, and all similar nervous complaints. By stimulating the *nerve fluid*, these maladies cease to exist. Apothecaries have it. Principal Depot 120 *Tremont St., Boston, Mass.* Price $1 per package; by mail, two postage stamps extra.
Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, Agents, Philadelphia, Pa.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—The safest medicines in existence; the Pills are a sure cure for Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, and all complaints of the stomach and bowels, while the Ointment never fails in Salt Rheum or other Scrofula diseases. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

IF YOU must take medicines then take AYER'S which are by far the most effectual remedies to be had anywhere. mar7-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th of Feb., by the Rev. Edward Hawes, Mr. WILLIAM LIPPINCOTT to Miss HATTIE E., daughter of W. A. Arnold, Esq., both of this city.

On the 4th of Feb., by the Rev. Dr. Clere, ABRAHAM F. MARSHALL to Miss ALVENA R. MAYER, both deaf mutes.

On the 30th of Feb., by the Rev. Dr. Suddards, FRANK J. C. HEADMAN to H. CLARA, daughter of the late John R. McCardy, of this city.

On the 12th of Feb., by the Rev. J. W. Bonham, J. HARRY ASH to MARY C., daughter of Thomas W. Dyott, Esq., both of this city.

On the 25th of Feb., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. THEODORE W. MERRIHEW, of this city, to Miss ELIZABETH D. BISHOP, of Camden.

On the 6th of October, by the Rev. T. B. Miller, SAMUEL M. WELSH to Miss CINDERELLA AUSTIN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name

On the 28th of Feb., THOMAS MILLER, a native of Glasgow, Scotland, aged 78 years.

On the 24th of Feb., MILES N. CARPENTER, in his 71st year.

On the 24th of Feb., JOHN H. ERDMANN, in his 30th year.

On the 24th of Feb., JOHN GALLAGHER, in his 22d year.

On the 25th of Feb., SARAH JANE, wife of Samuel Reed.

On the 23d of Feb., JOEL H. ROTHERMEL, aged 40 years.

On the 23d of Feb., WILLIAM W. BARDIN, in his 45th year.

On the 21st of Feb., ANN, wife of Henry Allen, in her 78th year.

On the 21st of Feb., JOHN HUMPHREYS, in his 36th year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The contents of THE POST shall consist as heretofore of the very best original and selected matter. We commenced in the first number of January, a deeply interesting story, called

THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS, by Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, author of "The Morrisons," &c.

We shall follow Mrs. Hosmer's story with

TRYING THE WORLD, by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Claudia," &c., and

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, by Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman Had her Way," "A Dead Man's Rule," &c.

Besides our original stories, we give

The *GEMS OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES*, and also the *NEWS OF THE WEEK, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, WIT AND HUMOR, RIDDLES, THE MARKETS, &c., &c.*

PREMIUMS. Various Premiums, from Pencils to Sewing Machines, including Books, and Silver Plated ware, are given to those getting up Premium Lists. A list of articles, terms, &c., will be sent to any one desirous of getting up a Premium List upon application by letter, inclosing a postage stamp.

The **SEWING MACHINE** Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Wheeler & Wilson's No. 8 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced machine will be sent.

Every subscriber in a Premium list, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the large Premium Steel Engraving of "Washington at Mount Vernon," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in his Library," as he may prefer.

Our **PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS.** For our Premium Engraving this year we shall give the splendid portrait of Washington, engraved from the celebrated picture by Thomas Hicks, N. A. This is a full length portrait, with Mount Vernon in the background, and is thirty inches long by twenty-one inches wide. No American home should be without a portrait of "The Father of his Country." This engraving, or one of "Edward Everett in his Library," or one of last year's premiums, "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred, *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending a club!*

It will *not* be sent to club subscribers, unless they send one dollar extra.

TERMS. Our terms are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs, and the Premium lists, may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (and the large Premium Engraving) **$2.50.**

CLUBS. Two copies, **$4**; Four copies, **$8**; Five (and one gratis) **$8**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12**; Twenty (and one gratis) **$26.** One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.**

Every person getting up either of the above clubs, will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices if desired.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

☞ In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia. If a Post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST are sent on receipt of five cents.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

ALAS!

BY PHŒBE CARY.

Since, if you stood by my side to-day,
  Only our hands could meet,
What matter that half the weary world
  Lies out between our feet;

That I am here by the lonesome sea,
  You, by the pleasant Rhine?—
Our hearts were just as far apart,
  If I held your hand in mine.

Therefore, with never a backward glance,
  I leave the past behind,
And standing here by the sea alone,
  I give it to the wind.

I give it all to the cruel wind,
  And I have no word to say;
Yet, alas! to be as we have been,
  And to be as we are to-day.

Talmudic Proverbs.

Be thou of them that are persecuted, not of them that persecute.

When the righteous dies, it is the earth that loses.

Life is a passing shadow, says the Scripture. Is it the shadow of a tower, of a tree? A shadow that prevails for a while? No, it is the shadow of a bird in his flight—away flies the bird, and there is neither bird nor shadow.

The reward of good works is like dates; sweet and ripening late.

The dying benediction of a sage to his disciples was: I pray for you that the fear of Heaven may be as strong upon you as the fear of man. You avoid sin before the face of the latter; avoid it before the face of the All-seeing.

It is woman alone through whom God's blessings are vouchsafed to a house.

Love your wife like yourself; honor her more than yourself.

If thy wife is small, bend down to her and whisper into her ear.

When the pitcher falls on the stone, woe unto the pitcher; when the stone falls on the pitcher, woe unto the pitcher; whatever befalls, woe unto the pitcher.

THE ENCHANTRESS.

A Spring-Time Lyric for Mabel.

It is only in legend and fable
  The fairies are with us, you know;
For the fairies are fled, little Mabel,
  Ay, ages and ages ago.

And yet I have met with a fairy,—
  You needn't go shaking your curls,—
A genuine spirit and airy,
  Like her who talked nothing but pearls!

You may laugh, if you like, little Mabel,
  I know you're exceedingly wise:
But I've seen her as plain as I'm able
  To see unbelief in your eyes.

A marvellous creature! I really
  Can't say she is gifted with wings,
Or resides in a tulip; but clearly,
  She's queen of all beautiful things.

Whenever she comes from her castle,
  The snow fades away like a dream,
And the pine-cone's icicle tassel
  Melts, and drops into the stream!

The dingy gray moss on the boulder
  Takes color like burnished steel;
The brook puts its silvery shoulder
  Again to the old mill-wheel!

The robin and wren fly to meet her;
  The honey bee hums with delight;
The morning breaks brighter and sweeter,
  More tenderly falls the night!

By roadsides, in pastures and meadows,
  The buttercups, growing bold,
For her sake light up the shadows,
  With disks of tremulous gold.

Even the withered bough blossoms,
  Grateful for sunlight and rain,—
Even the hearts in our bosoms
  Are leaping to greet her again!

What fairy in all your romances
  Is such an Enchantress as she,
Who blushes in roses and pansies,
  And sings in the birds on the tree?

T. B. ALDRICH.

Dr. Hall Upon Health.

As the result of the practice of our principles we don't remember to have had but a single ache in thirty years, nor to have lost a meal for want of an appetite, nor to have closed our office for a single hour on account of sickness. We know that such a result has come from the goodness of the Infinite One, arising from the carrying out of Cromwell's principles, "pray to the Lord and keep your powder dry," if you want to gain the battle on a rainy day, and he did. Here we are in our office from morning until night, and from night until morning, from one year's end to another, engaged in "reading, writing and arithmetic," prescribing, and listening to the long rigmaroles of stories of the unfortunate sick; scarcely going outside of the city limits once a year; visiting nobody; not having a moment to spare from day-light until 9 o'clock, when we jump into bed; catch us trotting to a five-mile-post and then back again before breakfast; or cutting monkey capers in a gymnasium two hours a day; or playing fisticuffs at imaginary windmills; or splashing around in cold water; we wouldn't wash our face and hands in cold water, even of a mid-summer's morning for a premium; we should feel dirty all day afterwards; cold water don't make the hands clean; the only legitimate use of cold water which we can think of at present is to drink when one is thirsty; turn mill-wheels and float ships; and then, this way of scrubbing the skin by the hour with crash-towels, coarse brushes and all that nonsense, as if it were desirable to make man's hide as tough and horny as that of a rhinoceros; what's the use of it? it's against nature and all common sense. Reader, what's the use of eating like a pig, and then have to work like a nigger—that is a freedman, to get rid of the surplus; wouldn't it be better to eat less, and have no surplus to work off? eat only as much as nature requires, then take your ease, that's just like what a pig does; you don't find him trotting round his pen by the hour to work off a surfeit; a pig don't surfeit himself; he has too much sense for that; he simply eats what he wants, then stops and lies down and takes it easy; but what does man do, with his magnificent mind, so towering above the humble instinct of the poor brute? he eats more than he wants, as you, reader, have done many a time; you have many a time eaten when you did not want anything; many a time have you coaxed your appetite with brandy and whiskey, and red pepper, as hot as fire, and pickles, and filthy "bitters" and made a confounded ass of yourself just for the good of a thing while it was passing down your gluttonous throat; pshaw! you ought to be sick; no wonder you go round among your friends whining and mewing like a sick kitten, enumerating your aches and pains, and ailments, and wasting other people's time in listening to your pitiful lucubrations; to take you at your word, one would suppose you were at the death's door, and couldn't possibly live a week; and yet you have been at the same old thing for years; get out!

It's all Tom-foolery about people killing themselves with hard study, by professional labor; if a man gets as much sleep as nature needs in every twenty-four hours, he will be as lively as a cricket at four-score, if he will only eat, and eat wisely. The papers have it now, that Spurgeon is about being laid on the shelf from excess of labor; don't believe a word of it; that's only a kink that the supple London doctors have put into his head; if he had consulted us, as he ought to have done, we would simply have said, "go it, Spurgy," work while the day lasts and the fields are white, and while your hand is in; if you go to sleep, and rest on your oars, as young preachers do, when they marry rich wives, you will, when you wake up, find that it was a Delilah's blandishment and that the locks of your strength are gone. Only think of Paul being advised to rest; to do nothing; he would have thundered out "as much as in me lies, I will preach the Gospel, if I hang for it." Do you think the impulsive Peter could have been persuaded to take a sea voyage for the sake of his health, when souls were perishing? Would the tender and loving John have been willing to have laid aside his work to take a course of shower-baths, or movement-cures, of base-ball or nine-pins? or that grand old worker, John Wesley; why, if you had said to him he must rest a while, with all his meekness he would have told you, "go to grass, I'd rather wear out than rust out." No, no; the way for a minister to recuperate, is to work on; stop him suddenly, and like the puffing locomotive he will be exploded into smithereens, that is giblets, that is, into splinters, into infinitissimal atoms; if Spurgeon don't take this Journal, we hope some subscriber in London or Port Natal or Burmah will send him a copy, and let him have a piece of our mind; that it is not the variety of his occupations which has impaired his health; it is oneness of employment which oftener crazes the brain or prostrates its powers; the more different things a man attends to, the less likely is he to receive injury; and to stop any machine in its busy whirl instantly, is to destroy it. Mr. Spurgeon has become ill by a faulty method of eating, sleeping and exercise, which he could not have fallen into, if he had been a constant reader and doer of the words of this Journal. But since he is sick, he must not be neglected; let him turn Methodist circuit-rider in England and preach once every day and Sunday too, under the name of John Smith, so that the housewives on his way may not feed him to death; let him send out his appointments one day ahead, eating at three regular times a day, wherever he may happen to be at the time; but making the last meal of the day on a piece of bread and butter, and a cup of hot tea, and in less than six months, Richard will be himself again.

Different Kinds of Babies.

We do not say that it is necessary for a man to love every kind of a baby. Did we assert such a thing in sincerity, we should display as profound an ignorance of human nature as the tractarian that calls upon all men to love negroes and aborigines like brothers. There are some babies which you cannot love. What is odd is, that there are babies which do not seem to want your love. They repel each friendly overture with kicks, and appal you with hideous faces on your putting out your lips for a kiss. They are almost ferocious in their precocity. Such a baby, if held in the arms of a pretty little mother, will menace you with clenched fists, and an expression on its moist mouth that warns you to stand off! If you admire it—it doesn't want your admiration, mind!—you must admire it at a distance. Advance but a step, and you provoke sounds compared to which the cries of the lilliputians, on witnessing their royal palace in flames, must have been musical. There are babies which men regard with justifiable awe. They are the dragons of the bedchamber and the nursery. They never sleep soundly, and mothers force upon you to walk gently for fear of disturbing them. Nurses grow visibly wrinkled in minding them. Even their fathers are not certain as to the sentiments with which they should be contemplated. They have only one friend, and that is, the mother.

This, however, it must be confessed, is a description of baby very much in the minority. Other varieties of babies there are, each of which is good. It is a popular fallacy to suppose that all babies are alike. It is true that this is a fallacy which mothers hold in great contempt; but there are lots of people in this world who can never tell the difference between one baby and another. As well might such people fancy that there is no difference between all the swarms of human creatures who throng the streets of a morning. The truth is, there are so many kinds of babies, that it would occupy several volumes to give even a faint idea of their numbers and appearances. There is the small shrivelled baby, as different from other babies as light is from darkness, as a tallow candle is from a mushroom. The mother of the fat, healthy child, with legs so full of health and life as never to be able to keep still for a moment, would not thank you for seeing no difference between her baby and the baby with precocious eyes and faint voice. There are some babies whom a square foot of flannel will completely hide; flat babies whom you may put in any posture you will, who lie motionless in the attitude they are made to assume, and who cry with a thin, small sound, like a healthy baby's voice heard at some distance off through a fog. There are babies whose eyes do no follow you; get within their focus, and they will stare upon you with a rigid outlook which will make you feel quite uncomfortable—like the eyes of the portrait of a criminal. There are other babies who seem friendly disposed to everybody but their mothers. See such a baby in its mother's arms, and you will remark that, after it has peaceably suffered you to kiss it, it will turn and complacently hammer its mother's cheeks with its fists; it will thrust its short fingers into her mouth, and exert its full infantine vigor to tear it open. It is the natural enemy to neatness. It will pull its mother's hair over her eyes; after which its next onslaught will be upon her collar. This is the baby that upsets the starch or the ink; that will touch the hot iron, that has an everlasting recurring tendency to crawl inside the fender. This is the baby that is forever losing its shoe. It will make a dog's life a burthen to it by clinging to its tail. It is never without a mark upon it, indicative of the vengeance of an outraged cat. It is always making an effort to upset the candle; and if you hold it up to the piano, both legs and arms will instantly be enlisted in the creation of the most hideous noise.

The Paris Chief of Police Outwitted.

Some years ago the contraband trade in Swiss watches was carried to such an excess that the Paris Chief of Police considered himself called upon to make a great exertion, to seek to punish the offenders—with this view, he repaired *incog.* to Geneva. He then applied to a celebrated dealer in watches, to sell him one hundred of the finest quality; when the price was agreed upon, the chief disclosed the condition that they must be delivered in Paris, to which the watch-dealer readily assented, upon an additional sum being added for the risk of transport. The chief gave a feigned name and address, and it was settled that within a month the watches should be in the French capital. Upon his return, the chief gave notice to the French officers on the frontiers of these facts; and after exciting their vigilance by everything that was calculated to act upon their fears, their pride or patriotism, he watched, not without anxiety, the event of his mission.

Within the time limited, a stranger called at the street and number which the chief had given, inquired for him by his feigned name, and, upon seeing him, signified his readiness to deliver the one hundred watches agreeably to contract. This agent was taken into custody, was examined, threatened, and re-examined, but to no purpose; he protested that he was only a common messenger in Paris, hired to deliver the articles in question for a stipulated price. The chief, mortified and enraged, went back immediately, still *incog.*, to Geneva. He sought out the watchmaker, and besought him to disclose the means he had used to pass the watches over the lines; but he was met with only a smile and an evasion. Finding that persuasion had so little effect, he next resorted to threats, but with no better success. Finally, he determined to use that "master-key," which so often unlocks the bosom where secrets, not otherwise discoverable, lie hidden. He agreed to give the watch-dealer ten thousand francs provided he would make a full disclosure, and, moreover, he guaranteed to indemnify him from all the disagreeable consequences which otherwise might have occurred.

This bargain being agreed upon, and consummated by the payment of the money, the watch-dealer began:

"Sir," said he, "when you came to my shop, disguised like a dealer in watches, I knew you as well as you knew me; indeed, before you called upon me, I had information that you were in Geneva, and I was therefore on my guard. When, therefore, you made me stipulate that the one hundred watches should be delivered in Paris, I had no doubt but that you meditated me ill, and I governed myself accordingly. The case was a difficult one; I perceived at once that the watches could not be passed the frontier in the ordinary way; I therefore bribed your own servant, and he passed them over the frontier as a part of your own baggage, which, on account of your public situation, I foresaw would escape examination."

The chief returned to "the great city" wiser than he left it, for he learned that Geneva watch-dealers could use spies and bribes as well as French detectives.

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

The sun went down in red and gold,
  I watched it from the hill,
With purple clouds, like banners rolled,
  Whose tops are rosy still.
Where are the eyes that oft of old
  Have watched in weal or woe,
While the sun has set in red and gold,
  A thousand years ago?

A linnet perched upon the bush,
  And sang in thrilling strain,
Duetting with her neighbor thrush,
  Till the soft air thrilled again!
And all the wood with music rang,
  Their voices echoed so—
Who listened while the linnet sang,
  A thousand years ago?

Where are they all whose beating hearts
  Have lived and throbbed like ours;
Who acted out their separate parts,
  And used their varied powers;
The hearts that gasped and thrilled and burned,
  And writhed in passion's glow:
Or with the tenderest pity glanced,
  A thousand years ago?

Where are they?—Haply over some
  The "dust to dust" was said,
Who slumber each in hallowed tomb,
  Till angels wake the dead.
Some linger in the dreamless sleep,
  In ocean's coral caves;
And mighty, fragrant forests weep
  Their dew on others' graves.

But all their souls! we must be sure,
  The grave can never hold;
Th' immortal essence will endure
  When hearts and hands are cold.
They may be floating round us now,
  Above us and beneath:
The very breeze that fans our brow,
  May be a spirit's breath.

I doubt not but they mark with sighs
  Our faults and follies all:
O! sad to think, some spirit's eyes
  Grow dimmer when we fall!
Like us the end of time they wait
  Their final doom to know:
Whatever was their earthly state
  A thousand years ago.

LEX.

A Wide-Awake Driver.

A friend of mine was riding on the outside of a North Devon coach, from Barnstaple to Ilfracombe, when the driver said to him, "I've had a coin guv' me to-day two hundred years old. Did you ever see a coin two hundred years old?" "Oh, yes, I have one myself two thousand years old." "Ah," said the driver, "have yo?" and spoke no more during the rest of the journey. When the coach arrived at its destination, the driver came up to my friend with an intensely self-satisfied air, and said, "I told you as we druv' along I had a coin two hundred years old." "Yes." "And you said to me as you had one two thousand years old." "Yes, so I have." "Now it's a lie." "What do you mean by that?" "What do I mean? Why it's only 1867 now."

THE HAIR.—Stiff hair is sometimes the sign of obstinacy; sleek locks denote patience; a curly head is always accompanied by wit and a love of pleasure. Baldness is the sign of an active mind, unless the bald man brush his back hair forward to cover the front; that is the mark of a mean and vulgar spirit—or, which is still worse, unless he wears a wig, in which case he must, unquestionably be classed among the snobs. Premature gray hair denotes misanthropy, continued suffering, whether physical or moral, excessive labor or dissipation. With regard to those abundant locks which time is powerless to bleach, they are the badge of an even disposition, and of a mediocre intellect.

Leaks in the Household.

Mrs. Haskell, in her recently issued Household Encyclopædia, throws together some of the small leaks in the household ship, which we copy for a double purpose: 1st. To show the men that their wives have a multitude of cares, of little details to look after—generally as many items as occur in men's business pursuits. 2d. To indicate to housewives details such as they perhaps may not have thought of before: Much is often wasted in boiling or roasting meats. Unless watched, the cook will throw out the water without letting it cool to take off the fat, or scrape the dripping-pan into the swill-pail. This grease is useful in many ways. It can be burned in lamps, mixed with lard; or if no pork has been boiled with it, made into candles. When pork is boiled alone it will do to fry cakes in if cleansed. Again bits of meat are thrown out which would make hash meat or hash. The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner, or the bread-pan left with dough sticking to it. Pie crust is left and laid by to sour, instead of used in making a few tarts for tea, etc. Cold puddings are considered good for nothing, when often they can be steamed for the next day, or in case of rice, made over in other forms. Vegetables are thrown away that would warm for breakfast nicely. Dish towels are thrown down where mice can destroy them. Soap is left in water to dissolve, or more is used than is necessary. If Bath brick, whiting or rotten stone are used, much is used uselessly. The scrub brush is left in water, pails scorched by the stove, tubs and barrels left in the sun to dry and fall apart, chamber-pails allowed to rust, tins not dried, and iron ware rusted; nice knives used for cooking in the kitchen, silver spoons used to scrape kettles, or forks used to toast bread. Rinsings of sweetmeats and skimmings of syrup, which make good vinegar, are thrown out; cream is allowed to mold and spoil; mustard to dry in the pot, and vinegar to corrode the caster; tea, roasted coffee, pepper and spices to stand open and lose their strength. The molasses jug loses the cork and the flies take possession. Sweetmeats are opened and forgotten. Vinegar is drawn in a basin and allowed to stand till both vinegar and basin are spoiled. Sugar is spilled from the sack, and tea from the chest. Different sauces are made too sweet, and both sauce and sugar are wasted. Dried fruit has not been taken care of in season and becomes wormy. The vinegar on pickles loses strength, or leaks out, and the pickles become soft. Potatoes in the cellar grow, and the sprouts are not removed till they become worthless. Apples decay for want of looking over. Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scalding. Hams become tainted or filled with vermin for want of the right protection. Dried beef becomes so hard it can't be cut. Cheese molds, and is eaten by mice or vermin. Lard is not well tried in the fall, and becomes tainted. Bones are burned that will make soup. Ashes are thrown out carelessly, endangering the premises, and being wasted. Servants have a light and fire burning in the kitchen when they are out all the evening. Brooms are never hung up, and are soon spoiled. Carpets are swept with stubs hardly fit to scrub the kitchen, and good new brooms used for scrubbing. Towels are used in the place of holders, and good sheets to iron on, taking a fresh one every week, thus scorching nearly all in the house. Fluid, if used, is left uncorked, endangering the house and wasting the alcohol. Caps are left from lamps, rendering the fluid worthless by evaporation. Table linen is thrown carelessly down and is eaten by mice, or put away damp and is mildewed, or the fruit stains forgotten, and the stains washed in. Table cloths and napkins used as dish wipers; mats forgotten to be put under the hot dishes; teapots melted by the stove; in these and many other ways a careless and inexperienced housekeeper will waste the hard earned wages of her husband, when she really thinks, because she buys no fine clothes, makes the old ones last, and cooks plainly, she is a most superior one.

Russian Fables.

THE GREAT NOBLE.—In "The Great Noble" there is concealed a double sting. A great man of olden times, we are told, died, and appeared for judgment before the ruler of the dead. "What were you on earth?" he is asked. "I was a satrap," he replies; "but, as my health was weak, I never interfered in affairs of State, but left everything to my Secretary." "What did you do, then?" "I ate, drank, slept, and signed every paper which was laid before me." "Take him straight into paradise," cries the judge. At this Mercury is shocked, and asks the reason of this extraordinary decision. "Don't you see," is the explanation, "this dead fellow was a fool. If he had meddled with public affairs he would have involved the whole province in ruin. He deserves paradise for not having troubled himself about business." The moral is very neat. "Yesterday," says the author, "I was in court, and there I saw a judge; there could be little doubt about his deserving to enter into paradise."

THE ELEPHANT IN OFFICE.—The evils which a dull magistrate may unwittingly sanction are touched upon in "The Elephant in Office." An elephant is appointed governor of a great forest. He would not hurt a fly willingly, but he is not acute enough to detect the oppression exercised by others. A complaint comes before him that the wolves are in the habit of utterly flaying the sheep. "Rogues," cries the elephant, "who gave you permission to commit such deeds of extortion?" To which the wolves reply, "Did you not give us permission to take a slight tribute from the sheep to make our cloaks warm in the winter time? And then these stupid sheep must needs cry out. We only take a single fleece from each, but even this they object to paying." "Ah, well, well!" says the elephant, "only take care. I won't allow anything like injustice. You may take one fleece from each as before. But beware of depriving them of a single lock of wool besides."

☞ "To despise men as they deserve one must be a woman, and know them as women know them," said Madame N. "And women," replied Monsieur B., "to esteem women at their proper value?" "Still," says Madame, "you must be a woman."

MUSIC IN CAMP.

BY JOHN B. THOMPSON.

Two armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Rolled deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the element,
Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town,
The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich now tender;
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still, and then the band,
With movements light and tricksy,
Made stream and forests, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest glow,
With yelling of the rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpets pealed sonorous,
And Yankee Doodle was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew,
To kiss the shining pebbles;
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugles sang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang—
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, low stream its noiseless tread
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
And silent now the Yankees stood,
And silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home," had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or blue or gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines,
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still 'mid war's embattled lines
Gave this one touch of Nature.

—*Louisville Journal.*

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "CARLYON'S YEAR," &C.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MORE TROUBLE.

Never had there been such a glut of excitement in one day at Sandalthwaite as that which included Dr. Warton's funeral and Miss Lucy Wilson's attempted elopement. The first incident, however, was utterly dwarfed by the second, and almost discarded from men's minds; just as our gingham umbrella (formerly valuable, as being our only one) is put aside and little thought of when we are unexpectedly presented with a silk one. The village was not so small but that the population was sufficient to support several versions of the facts we have ourselves very truthfully narrated in the last chapter.

It was by many asserted that Valentine Blake had run off with the young lady in question, married her, and brought her back again the same afternoon; an act of audacity such as could have been only carried out by a person who had spent most of his life in foreign parts. The post-boy who drove them home from Wallowdale had probably never met with such lavish hospitality in his life (although the district is proverbial for it) as he experienced from all-comers at the *Wrestler's Arms*. Every man was eager to treat him, in order to receive in return particular and exclusive information as to what had actually happened; and as he had really but little to tell, beyond that Mr. Bentinck Woodford had ordered the vehicle (with directions to call for his portmanteau at a certain beer-shop on the road,) and that the tutor had occupied it, it is not to be wondered at that the poor fellow, feeling obliged to honor the draughts presented for his acceptance by agreeable details, got deeply in debt to his imagination. Unlike the writers of fiction, who first use up their original materials in fanciful and airy plots, and afterwards resort to Facts for the framework of their stories, the post-boy began with bald and naked truth, which, as he mixed his liquors, blended more and more with the ideal, until at last there was absolutely nothing "to go upon" in his whole story except the post-chaise. *That* was trustworthy; that could bear cross-examination; and it bore a good deal of it, as it stood in the inn-yard, surrounded by that large portion of the inhabitants of Sandalthwaite who preferred vague excitement gratis to particular information at threepence a glass. If it was not the rose—which the musty, evil-smelling old vehicle had certainly no pretensions to be—it had been near the rose: it had contained the charming runaway and her lover, or *lovers* (for there were some who, thanks to the post-boy, had drunk even of *that* wine of astonishment;) and it was a satisfaction to the public to sit in turn where she had sat, and to make a thoroughfare of the vehicle by throwing both its doors open, and climbing in and out until they broke the springs. George Adams was easily recognized by the description given by the post-boy (when in his early stage;) but what part to assign to him in the drama played out at the Seven Sisters was felt to be very difficult. Miles Ripson's name never transpired at all—the improvisatore had only seen "a black man" in the distance depart in company with Mr. Bentinck. Perhaps the devil had indeed flown away with the young squire. As had been agreed upon, no mention of that so nearly fatal conflict under the Seven Trees was made either by Lucy or Valentine.

There was enough of misdoing already laid to the charge of the precocious Bentinck, and the young gentleman himself apparently deemed that the consequences would be sufficiently serious, for he did not return to face them. This was felt, for the present at all events, to be a relief to all parties. The just indignation of the good parson could not have been restrained had that would-be destroyer of his domestic peace ventured to return, and show his black face among his flock; he would without doubt have spoken to him from the pulpit, and that would have been far from pleasant to the other occupants of the Squire's pew. Mr. Woodford himself was not displeased that no opportunity was afforded him of laying that horsewhip about the shoulders of his prodigal son, without which substitute for the fatted calf he now never took his walks abroad; it was just possible that the young reprobate might offer some resistance—nay, was he not even unnatural enough to make reprisals?

Evelyn, wretched as she felt whenever she thought of her cousin, and the disgrace he had entailed upon all belonging to her, gathered some comfort from his absence: perhaps he was ashamed of himself—perhaps he was penitent. She looked in the post-bag every morning for an abject confession of the enormity of his crime, and the avowal of his solemn resolve to mend his ways for the future. In the meantime, it was something that Lucy had received such a lesson of the dangers of undutifulness as she was never likely to forget. It was in Evelyn's company that the contrite girl had returned to her father's roof; it was Evelyn's voice that pleaded with him for her pardon, when already from Evelyn's arms she had passed into those of her mother, forgiven, welcomed, and dearer than before, because so nearly lost. Upon Mrs. Woodford, the tidings of Bentinck's *misdoings* seemed to have little other effect than to increase her physical ailments; she was growing more like a vegetable than ever, and bad news only made her withdraw into herself more and more, like a sensitive plant at the approach of night.

The only apologist for the young scapegrace that could be found at the Hall, or even in the parish, was the housekeeper. She had always shut her eyes to the faults of her foster-son, and this last escapade of his, serious as it was, she persisted in viewing as a mere peccadillo. Her reading, although by no means various, had been extensive, and from it she gathered that elopements were the only form of matrimony for young people of spirit. Perhaps her conscience secretly reproached her with having herself indoctrinated the lad with this idea, or, at all events, encouraged it in him; but it is right to add that Mrs. Ripson fully believed that his intention had been lawfully to marry the Beloved Object; and would not have credited, had she been told, that the world was so emptied of its romance as to have dispensed with the services of the blacksmith of Gretna Green.

So the days were on without any news of Bentinck, and Valentine—the squarest man in the world for the round hold of a Sinecure post—felt himself more and more without excuse for delaying at Sandalthwaite, notwithstanding that the Squire vehemently pressed his stay, and that the unconfessed attraction which held him to the place by the very heart-strings, grew stronger and stronger daily. At last he made up his mind to depart, and fixed upon the very day: he had already written to his friend Giuseppe in Italy to say that he was about to be his comrade once again. Everybody at the Hall was sorry that Valentine was going, not even excepting Mrs. Woodford, and had most of them expressed their sorrow in their own way. The Squire, for instance, had averred that his departure being singularly inconvenient and distasteful to him, was only what he, Ernest Woodford, had expected all along, and quite consistent with the general dispensation of affairs, which had always been in opposition to his private wishes; and "Where the Deuce," asked he, "now that the doctor was dead, and the tutor going, was he to find anybody fit to speak to?"

Only Evelyn said nothing, although it cannot be added she made no sign of regret. Her paleness and silence spoke for her to those who understood such language (which her uncle fortunately did not,) but in Valentine's presence she did her best to be cheerful.

"Lord bless you, Miss Evy, why don't you let him see you love him?" urged Mrs. Ripson, bluntly; "that will be some comfort to him, at all events, when he goes to battle, if he must go."

And though Evelyn reproved her adviser with greater sharpness than she ever used before to any human creature, Mrs. Ripson only answered:

"Very well, miss; I won't open my lips again, I promise you; but I know more about these matters than you do, for I've read a deal more; and if Mr. Blake don't speak for himself before the day's out, then him or me is a fool."

Valentine was to take his departure the next day. Evelyn and he were standing together upon the lawn in the late autumn evening, while the 'Squire, having received his usual morphean draught of pianoforte, was asleep in the drawing-room.

"We shall miss you very much, Mr. Blake," said Evelyn in quiet tones. "I hope you will often let my uncle know how you fare in—in Italy."

"Yes, Miss Evelyn. And you too, perhaps, will write me news of home when you have time. Bentinck will doubtless come back soon. I have strongly advised Mr. Woodford to send him to college, where he will meet with suitable companions, of which he stands so much in need."

"I will do so, be sure. How strange will seem the tidings of our village-life to you amid the pomp and circumstance of war!"

"Everything will have an interest to me that comes from Sandalthwaite, Miss Evelyn. I shall be glad to hear in particular about George Adams: I pity that poor fellow as well as like him much: his lot in life appears to have been sadly crossed."

Thus

They spoke of other things; they coursed about
The subject most at heart, more near and near,
Like doves about a dovecot, wheeling round
The central wish, until they settle there.

"There is no fear," said Valentine, gravely, "of my forgetting any here, and least of all yourself. But perhaps you would not object to give me something—all Irishmen are beggars, your uncle says, and so you must excuse me—something I have fixed my fancy on, as a parting present?"

"Certainly, Mr. Blake; I will give you what you please, and welcome."

"It is not anything very valuable, Miss Evelyn, that I mean to ask you for; but when I first came here, your uncle took me over all the house, and there was a little picture, hanging in your room, I think, which struck me much. It was a water-color drawing of a spot I recognized at once—the Sugar-loaf Mountain above Rio Janeiro—and I should like to possess it, linking as it does my life here with that I spent in other lands. Do I ask too much of you?"

Evelyn blushed crimson, and hesitated for some moments ere she spoke.

"It seems indeed discourteous, Mr. Blake, to refuse so simple a request, and at such a time; but that picture is not mine to give. That is, it was given to me—nay, I may say it was the legacy of one very, very dear to me—for he was drowned within a week after he painted it—my cousin Charlie. That picture and a letter which I had from him at the same time, are to me the most priceless things that I possess, although to others I should have thought of little value. I cannot say how it grieves me to say 'No.'"

"No matter, Miss Evelyn," returned the tutor, quietly: "I will think of something else, then, of which to plunder you. But here comes Jacob. What a pleased, excited look he has—which is a very bad sign with him. There is probably a chimney on fire."

"Oh, Mr. Blake," cried the groom, advancing hastily, "I want to speak to you, sir, alone, if you'd please to walk this way."

"If there is anything the matter that concerns me, Jacob, let me know it," interposed Evelyn, authoritatively.

The servant looked from one to the other, in terrified embarrassment, and then interrogatively at Valentine. The tutor had somehow got to be the person to whom the household looked in the case of any catastrophe—from the horse having broken the fence and strayed away, to the boat having sprung a leak—it was so much more pleasant to get his wise advice than mere peevish abuse from their master.

"You may speak before Miss Evelyn," said Valentine, quickly. "What is it, man?"

"Something dreadful has happened to Mister Bentinck down at the mines, sir. The messenger—"

"I will see him at once," interrupted Valentine. "And you, Evelyn, see that Mrs. Woodford hears nothing of this."

The young lady bowed her head, and turned with him rapidly towards the house.

"You will not leave us just now, in this new trouble, Mr. Blake?" said she, in low quick tones, as they hurried in.

"No, Miss Evelyn, certainly not," answered the tutor. "Stay here in the dining-room, and I will come and tell you what has happened, and without concealment."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

UNDER THE FELL.

It may be easily imagined that when Bentinck and Miles Ripson left the battle-field of the Seven Sisters in possession of the tutor and his ally, they were in no enviable frame of mind. The young squire, though baffled in his wicked purpose, was yet well aware that the consequences of his attempt would be almost as serious as though it had been successful; and, as we have seen, he did not dare to show his face at home. He had money with him, the possession of which he could scarcely have explained to the satisfaction of a Court of Justice; but although it had been intended for the support of another person as well as himself, it was not a sufficient sum to keep Master Woodford Bentinck alone for any length of time.

"I suppose you can't let me have any more cash, Miles?" was his first sullen question, as the pair were crossing Wallowdale in the direction of the wad-mine.

"You suppose right there," was the equally gruff reply. "You've bled me rather too freely, as it is, of late. It's all very well to talk of what you'll do when you are your own master; but I don't see my way, now that you've cut your cable, of even getting back my own money."

"*Your own* money," ejaculated Bentinck contemptuously; "you mean *my* own money, or at least my father's, for that's the same thing. *His* wad that you have been stealing is *my* wad, I suppose. And then you complain, because, instead of poaching upon you, I condescend to borrow some of the proceeds."

Miles gave his companion a very ugly look, by way of reply, and trudged on in silence.

"Look here, Ripson," began the young man presently, in a more conciliatory tone, "it's no good our quarrelling with one another in this way. We are both in a devil of a hole, and we must hit upon some plan to get out of it."

"Yes; you'll get on my shoulders, and leave me in it, that I know full well, Master Ben—if I give you the opportunity. But I won't give it you. It is you, with your silly fancy for the parson's daughter—as if one girl was not as good as another—that have brough us to this pitch. Of course, there will be an outcry against you, and serve you right; but it's ten to one I shall get into trouble also. How do I know that Blake will keep his word, and say nothing of our tussle—"

"He'll keep his word," interrupted Bentinck; "never fear. He is a very obstinate chap about his word."

"Well, for all that," grumbled the other, "I wish I had done for him when I had the chance. And then there's that George Adams—he has evidently set me at defiance."

"Well, there are some Sappers at Penrith—I saw them at the wrestling ten days ago—write an anonymous letter to the sergeant, and tell him there's a deserter at Blennerdale—"

"No, no," interrupted Ripson, shaking his head; "I don't want nobody up at the mines just now. George Adams will wait. In the meantime, let me fill my pockets—not that I have got a shilling in them at present, mind."

"But in a few weeks' time you'll have more than you know what to do with, eh?" rejoined Bentinck cunningly. "You won't forget that I have said 'Halves!'" Miles Ripson here came to a halt, and fixed his eyes very steadily upon his young friend.

"Look here, Master Ben," said he fiercely: "I know what it is to be under another man's thumb, only he's dead now, I am glad to say, and I know what it is to have other people under mine. If you think you have gotten the better of me in the same fashion, let me tell you you are mistaken. You may grin, but I'll not be in your power, as that Blake was in mine a while ago, so that I could just let him whistle a little if the tune pleased me, or stop his breathing altogether. As far as you are concerned, at all events, I mean to be a free man, that's sure."

"By all means, Miles—why not?" answered the young man doggedly.

"Ah, why not indeed? You know what I'm about, Master Ben; something that cannot fail, if all goes well, to set me up for life, and which will furnish you, too, with all you want, until the governor drops off. But if it doesn't go well: if by any accident—and I am a deuced unlucky fellow—my scheme should be blown upon before we've made our fortunes, then I shall be booked for a voyage across the herring-pond. But *you*—how will it affect *you*?"

"Well, I shall be very sorry for you, Miles," observed the other in embarrassed tones.

"No, Master Ben," continued Ripson sternly, "that won't do. I shall take care that you shall be quite as sorry for yourself: you must have a finger in this pie—you must help me with your own hands. Then, if our little plan is discovered, we shall both escape the consequences, for the Squire could never prosecute his own son; while, if, as is much more likely, we succeed, we shall come into our property in half the time; it's deuced hard work, let me tell you, for one man, and I want help sadly. Come, I've seen you use a pickaxe, Master Ben, just as though you were not a born gentleman; and you are not such a delicate plant but that you will thrive well enough for a week or two upon the Fell side. What say you? Take your time, and then just answer 'Yes,' or 'No;' as for me, my mind is quite made up."

Miles Ripson drew his pipe out of his waistcoat pocket (where it had miraculously escaped damage—the pipes of poor men are specially preserved—during the recent conflict), filled it, lit it, and indulged in several puffs before the young squire made any reply. When it came, it was characteristic enough.

"I suppose that one could lie quiet in your hut on the Fell, as well as anywhere?" said he reflectively.

"Of course one could," returned Miles—"and a sight better too: who would ever think of looking for you there? If this tutor of yours is to be trusted, as you say, I shall certainly not be troubled with visitors. Then with the money you have got about you, we can get plenty to eat and drink, and the best of smoke. We shall be as jolly as—as Kings," observed Mr. Ripson, hastily substituting that word for Thieves, as being somewhat less pointedly personal. "And then think of the end of it all! Plumbago at fifty shillings a pound, and the wad-hole not to be opened for a twelvemonth!"

"Very well, Miles, so be it," said Bentinck, with the air of a man whose resolution is fixed. "Let us see at once what kind of a lodging you have got for me. I suppose there is no chance of anybody being about the mine?"

"No; now that that fellow Adams is away, you are quite safe. He has always got his eye upon the hut—curse him!—when he is at home, so you will have to keep indoors, except at night; but although he thinks he can see further into a millstone than anybody, he can't look into the heart of a whinstone Fell. It does me good to think of this fool making the stable-door fast while the steed is being taken out another way!—There's the adit, look you, very secure indeed, and with the governor's seals unbroken; and yonder is my little house. Permit me bid you welcome, Master Ben, to Wadmine Hall."

"You seem to be in confoundedly good spirits," answered the young squire sulkily, as the pair clambered up the steep ascent that led to the hovel; "but I, for my part, have not been accustomed to live in a pigsty set in a wilderness. What an infernal place it is!"

Certainly, Wad-mine Hall could scarcely have been pronounced "pleasantly situate," even by the euphemistic George Robins himself. The Fell was not only bare of trees, but so strewn with slag and refuse from the various wad-holes which had not repaid investigation, that there was scarcely a blade of grass to be seen upon it; and the hut, about thirty paces from the adit so jealously secured, was by no means out of character with its surroundings. It consisted of two small rooms, the outer of which was used by the present occupant as the parlor and dining-room; while the other, a mere closet, whose space was moreover intrenched upon by the presence of a wattle hurdle, formerly the door of some abandoned wad-hole, which leaned against its inner wall, was the sleeping apartment. Neither of them boasted of flooring or fireplace; the walls were all unplastered; and a smell of new-dug earth pervaded the whole domicile very unpleasantly.

"You shall take the chair, young gentleman," said the miner grimly, pointing to the only chair there was; "and I will make shift with this basket turned upside down. As for the bed"—here he indicated half-a-dozen empty sacks thrown down in a corner of the inner room—"we will occupy that by turns; one shall sleep while the other works. See, here is a prettier picture behind this screen than any you have got at Dewbank Hall." Miles drew aside the wattle hurdle, and revealed a dark damp hole, almost a man's height, and sufficiently broad to admit of a man's using a pickaxe, running some distance into the solid Fell.

"You have done a good bit," observed Bentinck approvingly. "How long will it take, think you, before you strike the mine?"

"Left to myself, and supposing I am right in my bearings, I could have done it in a month. With a strong young fellow like you to help me, a fortnight ought to see us through with it."

"And what do you do with all the muck that you get out of it?" inquired the other, with a gesture of disgust. "Ugh! it smells like a grave!"

"Ay, and as the grave that gives the money to the heir, so I hope we shall find it," answered the miner. "I take the earth out every night in yonder basket, and empty it into the nearest wad-hole. I have not been an idle man since I have had this place rent-free, let me tell you. Although we are so near the adit, we have further to go to the mine; and I can tell you I am precious glad to have got a helping-hand. It has been gruesome work digging all alone here, day and night."

"Ah," replied Bentinck sulkily, "I daresay it has; but then you're used to such things! It's a deuced sight worse for a gentleman born, like me. But how have you managed not to be found out at this work when anybody looks in?"

"Well, I take care to lock this inner door; but nobody ever does look in, except the man that brings me bread twice a week—for I am not a pig to be kept upon oat-cake—and he always comes at the same time. Now that you are with me, one will be able to keep watch for visitors; and even if folks should come after *you*, there's a hiding-place which nobody will suspect for you to creep into."

Thus it was that, for several weeks after the attempted abduction of Lucy Wilson, none at Sandalthwaite could guess what had become of Bentinck Woodford. As Miles Ripson had premised, the hut on the Fell was not troubled with any visitors, save the individual who, on Tuesdays and Fridays, provided its occupants with the only article for which the miner exhibited any delicacy of stomach.

Wad-mine Hall could not be said to lie exactly in any man's way, but it did not take the messenger any very great circuit; labor was cheap in Borrowdale, now the wad-works were closed, and Miles made it well worth his while. He was always ready for him at the door of the hut at the usual hour. On a certain Friday, however, in the late October, the messenger arrived and found no Miles. He might have left the loaves upon the deal-board that did duty as a table (for there was nothing extraordinary in the miner's absence,) and gone his way, had not the door of the inner-chamber stood open, and made him curious to see how his acquaintance was lodged in that strange place for a Christian man to choose to live in. There was little to look at, as we know; but the hurdle was not standing in its usual place. It lay on the ground, and the hole running into the Fell was of course exposed. The man went a little way in, as far as the passage seemed to go; then, full of his discovery, ran down to the Manager's house, and told him.

"Miles Ripson must have gone mad, indeed, to weary himself by digging into the Fell-side like yon."

But George Adams comprehended at once, although for the first time, why Ripson had been so importunate to occupy the hut; and even guessed at the catastrophe which had actually occurred. He seized on a pickaxe and spade, and bidding his companion do the like, ran at full speed up to the hut; he lit a candle, and entered the cavity with a beating heart. His practised eye gathered immediately that the obstacle to further progress was not the solid Fell, but a mass of newfallen earth. "A man lies here," cried he in a terrible voice, "buried alive!"

It was of no use to dig for him at once without taking precautions, the neglect of which had evidently caused the present catastrophe. It was necessary to make fast every foot of their way with props, a number of which lay at hand for the purpose in the storehouse below, both lateral and overhead, lest the sides and roof should come in on them, as it had on him they sought. Besides an old charwoman, who cooked for the Manager, and superintended his household arrangements, there was no other human being in Wallowdale beside these two; no one to help them at their labor, no one to share with them their ghastly apprehensions, their oppressive responsibility. They dug on with desperate energy, though without ever omitting these prudent precautions, and relieved one another at short intervals; but the mass to be penetrated was considerable, and the necessity for carrying away the earth greatly impeded their operations. One held a blazing pine-torch while the other worked with the spade; a candle would not have thrown sufficient light to enable the latter to avoid doing a possible injury to him whom they did not yet despair of finding a living man. George Adams was well aware how partial such "cavings-in" often turn out to be; it might easily happen that the unhappy wretch was neither crushed nor smothered, but only cut off from the outer world. If only, then, he could be reached before the air in the confined space about him grew poisonous, they might save him yet. Actuated by this slender hope, the two brave fellows were toiling in shirt and trowsers, as men do not toil even for gold. It was George who was digging when

they came upon the Thing they sought, yet feared to find.

"There is something here," whispered the Manager hoarsely. "Throw the light more forward."

"It is only a great basket," said his companion, looking over his shoulder.

"Nay," said George; "there's a man's arm too."

Even so near to the accomplishment of their object as that, it was no easy task to free the body from the superincumbent earth, and drag it into the hut. Not until this was done, and they were about to resort to some simple measures for resuscitation, although it was too evident the man would never breathe again, did they recognize the corpse.

"Merciful Heaven!" ejaculated Adams, "it is not Ripson—it is the young squire!"

"Lor, and so it be!" exclaimed the other; "and yet I doubt for my part if I should have found it out, Mr. Manager. How like the poor young gentleman is to Miles, to be sure; and death alters a man so, one might very well have taken him for— Lor, George, then Miles Ripson is in there now!"

Overcome with wonder and horror at the unlooked-for spectacle before him, Adams had indeed forgotten that this must of necessity be the case. Accusing himself of a neglect of which he was certainly not willfully guilty, he once more seized his spade, and, regardless of the warning of his companion, that he should wait for the underpinning props, again recommenced his work with impatient vehemence. He strove for his late enemy as though his own brother had been lying in that living grave. Nor had he to dig far. The body of the wretched miner lay within a very few feet of the place where his fellow-victim had been found, and they soon lay side by side in the little hut. The hand of the former still held the spade which he was using at the very moment of the catastrophe; Bentinck had apparently just turned to carry out the basketful of earth, when he was struck down by the falling roof. Both bodies were in a stooping position, and there was every reason to hope that death in each case had been almost instantaneous.

"What could the poor chaps ha' been about, Mr. Adams?" inquired his companion, whose intelligence was by no means acute.

"They were enlarging the hut," replied the Manager promptly. "Miles often complained that his quarters were much too small for him."

"Ah, so he did," rejoined the other; "those were the last words as I ever heard him say. But how rash it was of him, and he a miner too, to go digging into the Fell without underpinning. But then he allus was a risky chap."

"Well, well, the poor fellow is dead now," returned George solemnly; "and when folks are gone, we should remember nothing that is not to their credit. We have done all we could for these unhappy men, God knows.—Now, make you haste to Dewbank Hall; ask for Mr. Valentine Blake; tell him all this, but see you speak to nobody else, either there or on your way; for if the news of you"—and he pointed to the sheet-white face of Bentinck Woodford, beautiful even in its last sleep—"should suddenly come to his mother's ears, maybe it would kill her."

"But you'll never stay here, Mr. George, alone?" exclaimed the other, with a shudder he did not affect to conceal.

"Why not?" returned the Manager quietly. "I never feared poor Miles when he was alive—although we were not friends—and why should I fear him now?"

So the man started on his mission, and George Adams remained upon his ghastly watch. No sooner, however, was he alone, than the Manager re-entered the cavity, and, removing the more distant props, managed to cause a still further fall of earth, so considerably diminishing the length of the passage effected, that to persons even of keener wits than his late companion it might easily seem that the unfortunate miner and his confederate had really had no other end in view than simply to enlarge the borders of their dwelling.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HOW THE NEWS WAS RECEIVED AT THE HALL.

When Valentine Blake entered the house to seek the messenger with whose evil tidings we are now acquainted, he had to pass by the housekeeper's room. As he did so, a wail of subdued agony, half-shriek, half-sob, smote upon his ear, so terrible in its grief, that, notwithstanding the urgency of his errand, the tutor opened the door and looked in. Mrs. Ripson sat facing him at her little table, with her head buried in her hands, and crying as though her heart would break.

"Hush, hush, woman!" said he sternly. "It is your business to mitigate the woe that has fallen upon this house, not to increase it. If *you* give way to your feelings thus, how can you hope to calm his mother?"

"He is *my* boy—*my* boy," cried the housekeeper passionately, looking up at him with flashing eyes, "and he is dead! My beautiful Bentinck, my only boy is dead! O Heaven, it is a judgment upon me, and I deserve it!—Don't talk to me, Mr. Blake; don't listen to what I am saying. But he was buried alive, I tell you—buried alive; and you ask me not to weep!"

"Is this really true?" asked Valentine, greatly shocked.

"Yes, Bentinck is dead," groaned the wretched woman; "and I was the only one who loved him; and he loved me too; O yes, my own boy loved me dearly, and he was buried alive."

Valentine softly reclosed the door, and went out to where the messenger awaited him, and heard his tale, which he had not been able to keep altogether to himself, as he had been instructed to do. But Mrs. Woodford was, as usual, in her own room, and had not been disturbed, and her husband was still asleep upon the sofa in the drawing-room. A duty, sad and trying indeed, lay before the tutor, but he did not shrink from it for a moment. First, he returned to Evelyn, according to his promise, and told her all. She was greatly agitated, and shed many tears, but almost her first words were:

"I will go to my aunt; she had better hear this news from me—at least, I think I can break it to her better than Mrs. Ripson can."

Valentine nodded grave approval, and took his way at once to the drawing-room. If what he had to do was not done immediately, it seemed as though he could never do it. The Black Squire's slumbers were rarely light of late, and he did not hear Valentine enter the room. He was dreaming, and his dreams ran upon the favorite topic of his waking thoughts. "Shut it up, and the price will rise," muttered he. "It will be worth its weight in gold, I tell you. The wad, the wad!" The tutor shook his arm. "Hullo, Mr. Blake! Why don't you let me sleep? Why don't she keep on playing? I certainly am the most unlucky— Why, what's the matter? They haven't been and robbed the wad-mine, have they?"

"Your son Bentinck has met with an accident," said Valentine very gravely.

"Has he?" returned the Squire coldly. "I daresay it served him right."

"He is very sorely hurt; nay, sir, all human help is useless—he is dead."

Mr. Woodford, who had raised himself upon his elbow, as though to get up and be doing, at the beginning of the tutor's speech, sank back upon the sofa with a groan. Then Valentine narrated briefly the details of the catastrophe that had occurred, to which the other listened with scarce a word of interruption. When all had been told, there was a silence for a minute or so; and then, in a tone very different from his usual dictatorial one, but still resolute and firm, Mr. Woodford whispered hoarsely: "Please to leave me, Mr. Blake, and be so good as to draw yonder blinds down."

Valentine shut out the twilight accordingly, and left the Squire to the gloom and his own kindred thoughts. A vehicle had been already sent to fetch the body of the dead lad, and there was nothing more to be done at present, so the tutor sat in the dining-room alone. It seemed as though Dewbank Hall could never know cheerfulness any more; but after a little, the door opened and let in the sunshine. Evelyn came to tell him that her aunt had received the dreadful news with wonderful tranquillity. Her state of health had probably been of actual advantage to her, rendering her, as it did, incapable of any violent emotion. "God's will be done!" she had said, and bidden her niece send Mrs. Ripson to her.

"Mary seems really more overcome by the sad tidings than my aunt herself," said Evelyn; "and what seems so strange, although it is true they were an ill-assorted pair, the loss of her husband seems to move her scarcely at all; she mourns for my unhappy cousin as though he were her own son. Poor boy—poor boy!" Here Evelyn herself gave way a little, but presently inquired how her uncle had borne the news.

"I think he feels it very deeply," said Valentine; "much more so than he shows, I am sure. Hark! that is his step upon the stairs. Perhaps he is coming down here."

"Dear Uncle Ernest," murmured Evelyn, sobbing, "he has been always very, very kind to me." She rose and waited for him, ready to throw her arms about his neck and comfort him all she could; but the footsteps—slower than usual, but not less steady and decisive—passed by the dining-room, and on to the study. That was the room the Black Squire always sought on occasions of importance or calamity, just as a pious Catholic seeks his oratory; and he went in and locked the door. While the rest of the household kept watch through that weary night, and listened for the sound of wheels, and came out ever and anon to listen for them in the damp autumn air, he never stirred; and when at last they heard it, and the carriage came, the Squire did but leave his room to look upon the ghastly burden which it bore, and then returned, without a tear and with a face of stone, to his desk and papers. "What the law gives her, she must now have," he muttered; "I might have known it would be so. All things conspire against me. But not one shilling more," added he bitterly, "shall ever fall to her or hers—not one."

So, writing and re-writing, and tearing up and writing again, Ernest Woodford passed the night, underneath the room where his dead son lay; and not until the morning was far advanced, did he put his pen aside, and feel secure against his enemy, because his will (so long delayed) at last was made.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Bentinck Woodford was not buried yet, but the news of his death and that of Miles Ripson had flown fast and far. With the exception of the housekeeper, there was no human being that really mourned him. It seemed terrible to some—to good Parson Wilson especially—that he should have been so suddenly cut off—as was only too probable (although, thanks to the precaution of George Adams, no one suspected the nature of the act in which he had been engaged when death had struck him,) without repentance for his wickedness. Lucy, indeed, was deeply shocked, but with her sorrow was mingled, in spite of herself, a certain sense of relief: her love for the self-willed lad had never been unalloyed with fear, and since she had become convinced of the baseness of his intentions, the former passion had dwindled to almost nothing, and the latter had increased to absolute terror. Mr. Woodford himself, no doubt, as Valentine had said, felt more than he showed; but he saw in that dumb cold face, which death itself had forborne as yet to rob of its manly beauty, the failure of his own cherished schemes for the future quite as much as any present loss. On the fifth day came a not unexpected missive from Selina.

"Will she mock at my disappointment?" thought the Squire, staring at the letter with knitted brows; "or will she venture to condole with me upon what has happened?" He carried it about with him half the day, not having the courage to break the seal. Something within him seemed to warn him against its contents, and at the same time to forbid his returning it unread. At last he read it. Valentine met him running along the avenue towards the house, and taking no more notice of him—although he almost touched his garments as he went by—than if he had been a tree. Had the poor Squire's mind, unable to relieve itself by natural grief, given way under the pressure of his calamities? He certainly looked like one who had lost his reason. Valentine, seriously afraid of some mischance, followed him hastily home, just in time to hear him close the door of Mrs. Woodford's chamber, and fasten it on the inside. Husband and wife scarcely ever met now except at meal-times; they had only seen one another once since their son's death; it was in the highest degree unlikely, in case of anything important having occurred, that the Squire should consult her upon the matter at all. Alarmed, yet not knowing what to do, Valentine went to Mrs. Ripson's room to ask her opinion. She knew much more about her mistress than anybody else, even than Evelyn. The housekeeper, looking very comely in her deep mourning, for grief had improved her appearance, as it sometimes does, by refining it, was reading intently a bundle of old letters. She was shedding tears, but not in her late passionful way, and when she looked up, there was a light upon her face which he had never seen before there. He thought it very strange, when the boy she had loved so was to be buried on the morrow, and at the same time with her dead husband; but his business was too pressing to admit of any remark upon the circumstance. He told her what he had just seen, and asked whether she could account in any way for her master's conduct. Had he ever been subject to any hallucination? or had anything really occurred to make him angry? for the expression of his face had not only been wild, but furious. Mrs. Ripson knew of nothing that could explain the matter—absolutely nothing whatever. There was a dull sound of voices in the room above, and Mr. Woodford's footstep crossed it slowly once or twice.

"He is doing no harm," said the housekeeper quietly. "He is not in one of his tantrums. And if he were, it would not much hurt my mistress. She was never easily frightened by anything; and of late, poor lady, she has been past all fear. She is like a statue. She would just as soon die as live.—Hush! he is coming out again." The door at the top of the stairs was flung open, and a voice at once both rough and sharp, like the rasping of a file, cried: "Mary Ripson, Mary Ripson!"

"He has found it out," whispered the housekeeper, starting to her feet with a face from which all color had suddenly fled. "I durst not go, Mr. Blake, I durst not indeed."

"Found *what* out?" asked Valentine, while the Squire standing at his wife's door did not cease to call for her attendant.

"O, sir, you will know soon enough," returned she; "but if I go, will you promise me that he shall do me no harm? If I stamp on the floor thus, will you run up and break in the door—I am not to blame; I only did what his wife told me—will you promise me, Mr. Blake?"

"Yes, yes," answered the tutor hastily. "I will help you, if need be; but make haste; doubtless your mistress is ill, and that is why your master wants you."

But Mary shook her head and went upstairs with a scared face and trembling limbs.

Mr. Woodford was waiting for her, with a searching look in his black and shining eyes she had never seen before.

"Go in!" he said; then closed and locked the door behind her. His wife was upon the sofa, not lying down as usual, but sitting upright without aid from cushion or pillow, and staring straight before her.

"Never mind her," exclaimed the Black Squire harshly, as the housekeeper turned mechanically towards her mistress—"but listen to *me*. Keep your eyes from her, and answer for yourself without prompting." He placed a letter in her hand, and bade her read it, and watched her—while her shaking fingers strove to hold it steady—with relentless gaze.

"Is this true what this woman writes?" asked he gasping for breath. "Has there been a plot to rob her of her rights? Is that dead boy, in yonder room, your son? Have you, and my own wife here, fixed this blot of shame upon me, that she talks of?—Speak—curse you—speak!"

Mary answered nothing: she knew not what to say, because she knew not what her mistress had already said. She felt like one put to the question that has need of all his fortitude, but yet will not betray.

A voice came from the sofa, clear and stern: "Tell him."

"Your mistress has found her voice at last," quoth Mr. Woodford bitterly; "now find you yours. Lies cannot serve you now; tell the whole truth."

Once more the housekeeper hesitated, and again her mistress bade her tell him all—"That concerns *your* part, that is," struck in Mr. Woodford—"your mistress shall answer for her own share presently. Who set you on to perpetrate this crime?"

"It was Dr. Warton," answered Mary boldly.

"No; it was I!" exclaimed Mrs. Woodford—"I alone! She dare not tell you the whole truth; but I dare, Ernest Woodford! Listen! Yonder woman is not to blame, for she had no thought of fraud. She only deemed that I, being childless and without my husband's love, desired to win it. She promised (being with child) that if she bore a boy, I should adopt it as my own. She was well pleased that her son should be a gentleman, and glad enough at the prospect of leaving her brutal husband's roof for this, where she could live in comfort. Had she borne a girl, she would have kept it; and the child which I pretended I was to have, but had not, would have been given out to have died. But all happened as I wished. She bore a son—it was said to be a daughter only to avert suspicion—and it was brought here the night after its birth by Mrs. Ripson the postmistress, and afterwards suckled by her daughter-in-law, its own mother."

"And why did you plot this scheme?" asked the Squire, with his hand pressed to his forehead, and speaking in suppressed and husky tones.

"For the same reason that I came back to live with you as your wife a second time—to be revenged upon your sister. If you were anxious that no son of hers should inherit your estate, I was ten times more so. I have suffered at her hands such things, that if I could slay her with a word as I sit here, I would not hesitate to speak it."

"And all these many years you kept this secret to yourself, away from me!" said Mr. Woodford slowly.

"Why not? You are unjust enough in most things, but an obedient slave to the mere letter of the law. You note from that vile woman stings you now because she speaks of Fraud, and calls you Cheat, forsooth. Have you not defrauded *me* of all the kindness that a husband owes his wife? Have you not cheated me, from first to last, of love, respect, protection, and all that is a woman's due? And yet, because she taunts you with an illegal act, you feel ashamed, humiliated, disgraced."

"Disgraced! disgraced!" echoed the wretched man.

"I am glad of it," answered she dispassionately: "you know then something now of what I have felt for more than half my lifetime—from the moment when I became your wife until this day. You will never persuade that woman, no, nor persuade the world, but that you have been a party to this scheme."

"No, never!" murmured the unhappy Squire; he looked ten years older than he had done an hour ago; he had sunk into a chair, and sat there with his hands drooping before him, as though in man's last stage, a very imbecile.

"Look you, Ernest Woodford," she went on; "I might have spared you this; I might have told you long ago—I think I should have done so—but for one thing. True, I never loved you; but every woman has some tenderness for him with whom her life is linked, however evilly; and if you had ever shown one spark of pity for me—if you had not wished me dead—"

Her husband raised one hand in feeble deprecation.

"Nay, you lie!" said she. "When, for all you knew, I was in the pains of childbirth—when, if ever, a man should feel compassion for his wife, and wish her well—you wrote my death-doom. It is in yonder desk among the papers in the inner drawer; you know your own handwriting; look at it."

Ernest Woodford staggered to his feet, and felt his way by chair and table to the place she indicated, and there remained, fumbling among the papers, like one in the dark.

At last he found it: it was the little note which nearly twenty years ago he had written to Dr. Warton, and thrust under his wife's chamber-door: "*At all risks, save the boy.*"

"If in my woman's heart one drop of fondness had remained for your worthless self," she continued, "those words would have frozen it. From the moment that I read them, I hated you, only less than I hated your sister. When the boy you supposed to be your offspring turned out—"

"My son is lying dead in the next room," interposed the housekeeper suddenly.

"True; I had forgotten," resumed her mistress, with a touch of tenderness. "Whenever you have been disappointed, Ernest Woodford, I have been pleased; and whenever crossed, saved by Selina Murphy, I have been glad at heart. If you were to die today, I should only not rejoice: it would move me less than when, a month ago, poor wretched Herbert Warton died of drink."

The Squire, with his hand in his breast-pocket, into which he had thrust the slip of paper, tottered to the door without a word. Mary, afraid *for* him rather than *of* him now—he looked so worn and aged—stepped forward to assist him, as he bungled with the lock, but he waived her off, and let himself out at last. Step by step, and holding by the banisters to keep his footing, he slowly went down-stairs. The dining-room door was open, and he could see Evelyn standing by the window, looking sadly out upon the lawn, all yellowed by the autumn leaves. Deep in thought, she did not hear him, and he stood gazing at her with a yearning tenderness that would have brought her to him in a moment—had she only known—with open arms: but almost immediately the loving look passed away, and the same anguish which had lined his face throughout the recent interview, usurped its place. Heaven only knew what depended upon whether Evelyn chanced to turn her head that moment or not. She did not, however; and he passed on to his study, and went in.

After a few minutes, the housekeeper came down to the room adjoining, where the tutor was keeping watch, according to his promise. "Have you seen master?" inquired she with anxiety.

"Nay," he said. "I thought he was still with you in Mrs. Woodford's room."

"No, no," said she; "he left it some time since—and O sir, he took away with him the laudanum bottle from my mistress's desk."

Valentine started to his feet, and went at once to the study: he knocked, but there was no answer; he tried the door, and it was locked. He ran out into the garden, and looked in through the open window. The Squire was seated at the desk, with his head upon it, resting between his hands. An empty bottle lay on the floor, beside his chair. Before him lay a mass of papers, and his will drawn out at length, but unsigned. That was all labor in vain now, since the dead have nothing to leave. Valentine forced the sash, and broke into the room, but he had come too late. Ernest Woodford had already breathed his last.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Society for the Promotion of Marriage.

Bachelors will be happy to learn that their condition is to be ameliorated by a new movement in Boston, which takes the name of the "Marriage Fund Association." This society has issued a grave circular, which sets forth the alluring programme of a marriage portion of five hundred dollars for every member of the organization who has paid one hundred dollars, a gift of one hundred dollars for every child born when father and mother are both members, and an award of another hundred dollars annually for the support and education of each child until it is ten years old. It is reported that ten thousand dollars have already been subscribed in aid of this project. "The growing tendency of our young men towards celibacy" is mourned by the projectors, who add that they intend to do all they can to apply the remedy.

☞ A missionary among the freedmen in Tennessee, after relating to some little colored children the story Ananias and Sapphira, asked them why God does not strike everybody dead who tells a lie, when one of the least in the room quickly answered, "Because there wouldn't be anybody left."

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

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The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelets for next year:—

A DEAD MAN'S RULE. By Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman had Her Way," &c.

THE DEHARRY FORTUNE. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," &c.

FLEEING FROM FATE. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "Juno Clifford," &c.

These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

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Eulogy on Woman.

At a dinner given by the Correspondents' Club at Washington, "Mark Twain" was called upon to respond to the usual toast to "Woman," which he did in the following style:

Mr. President, I do not know why I should have been singled out to receive the greatest distinction of the evening—for so the office of replying to the toast to woman has been regarded in every age. [Applause.] I do not know why I have received this distinction, unless it be that I am a trifle less homely than the other members of the club. But be this as it may, Mr. President, I am proud of the position, and you could not have chosen any one who would have accepted it more gladly, or labored with a heartier good will to do the subject justice, than I. Because, sir, I love the sex. [Laughter.] I love all the women, sir, irrespective of age or color. [Laughter.]

Human intelligence cannot estimate what we owe to woman, sir. She sews on our buttons, [laughter,] she mends our clothes, [laughter,] she ropes us in at the church fairs—she confides in us; she tells us whatever she can find out about the little private affairs of the neighbors; she gives us a piece of her mind sometimes—and sometimes all of it; she soothes our aching brows; she bears our children. In all the relations of life, sir, it is but a just and graceful tribute to woman to say of her that she is a brick. [Great laughter.]

Wheresoever you place woman, sir—in whatever position or estate—she is an ornament to the place she occupies, and a treasure to the world. [Here Mr. Twain paused, looked inquiringly at his hearers, and remarked that the applause should come in at this point. It came in. Mr. T. resumed his eulogy.] Look at the noble names of history! Look at Cleopatra! Look at Desdemona! Look at Florence Nightingale! Look at Joan of Arc! Look at Lucretia Borgia! (Disapprobation expressed.) Well, said Mr. Twain, scratching his head doubtfully, suppose we let Lucretia slide. Look at Joyce Heth! Look at mother Eve! [Cries of "O! O!"] You need not look at her unless you want to, but, said Mr. Twain, reflectively, after a pause, Eve was ornamental, sir; particularly before the fashion changed. I repeat, sir, look at the illustrious names of history.

Look at the Widow Machoree! Look at Lucy Stone! Look at Elizabeth Caddy Stanton! Look at George Francis Train. [Great laughter.] And, sir, I say it with bowed head and the deepest veneration, look at the mother of George Washington; she raised a boy that could not lie—could not lie! [Applause.] But he never had a chance. [O! O!] It might have been different with him if he had belonged to a newspaper correspondents' club. [Laughter, groans, hisses, cries of "put him out."] Mark looked around placidly upon his excited audience, and resumed. I repeat, sir, that in whatsoever position you place a woman, she is an ornament to society and a treasure to the world. As a sweetheart she has few equals and no superiors, [laughter]; as a cousin she is convenient; as a wealthy grandmother, with an incurable distemper, she is precious; as a wet nurse she has no equal among men! [Laughter.]

What, sir, would the people of the earth be without woman? * * * * They would be scarce, sir—almighty scarce! Then let us cherish her—let us protect her—let us give her our support, our encouragement, our sympathy—ourselves, if we get a chance! [Laughter.]

But, jesting aside, Mr. President, woman is lovable, gracious, kind of heart, beautiful—worthy of all respect, of all esteem, of all deference. Not any here will refuse to drink her health right cordially in this bumper of wine, for each and every one of us has personally known and loved, and honored, the very best one of them all—his own mother. [Applause.]

How Fashions are Introduced.

Any one who has studied the milliners' shops in Paris during the past few months, when the Parisians themselves were absent from the capital, could not help observing how boldly all the fashions of the past spring were obtruded on the public gaze. Foreigners and provincials, struck with these excesses the Parisian modiste perpetrated, while endeavoring to hit upon some happy invention that should take the citadel of fashion by storm, and which the leaders of *ton*, to whom they had submitted, had refused to countenance, secured them as though they were the choice novelties of the season. Hence, many a foreign dame, and many an English one, ambitious of following closely in the steps of fashion, will have reason to regret her Paris purchases during the present autumn. *Par parenthese*, one may here remark that it is not the *grandes dames*, or leaders of fashion, as they are styled, who really introduce the changes in the mode when these are particularly abrupt or striking. This is left to the actresses at the more fashionable theatres—whose toilettes in modern comedies outstrip in a marked degree those of the grand personages they are supposed to represent—to certain classes of women who are allowed large discounts on their purchases, in consideration of their being the means of introducing particular novelties, with the view of rendering the public familiar with them, and drawing on the more lukewarm and timid of their sex to follow the example they set. Indeed, it is matter of notoriety that many of the large Parisian houses not only provide ladies of graceful figure and elegant bearing with toilettes with which to exhibit themselves at the afternoon promenade, between the lakes in the Bois de Boulogne, during the Paris season, and thereby advertise the particular robe or mantle it is designed to introduce, but pay a fixed daily sum for thus displaying themselves. A single robe or a single mantle of some precise form and shade of color, would, unless very striking, fail in attracting any particular attention; several examples, therefore, have to be exhibited at the same time, and the display goes on day by day until a hit is made or failure becomes evident.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

The Reindeer in Lapland.

The presence of the reindeer in these regions is due to one of those kindly decrees of a gracious Creator, whose resources are infinite, and "whose tender mercies are over all His works." It is an example of nature's *multum in parvo*. What the Polar bear is to the most northerly outcast; the agave to the Mexican, the palmtree to the Orinoco Indian—such is the reindeer to the Laplander, supplying him with almost every necessary for the support of life. Its flesh is prepared in different ways; and, when cut into slices and dried, is used instead of bread—a rare luxury to the Lapp. Its skin furnishes the necessary articles of his clothing, the bed he lies on, and the covering of his tent. The sinews are chewed with the teeth, and form thread and cord; of its horns are made spoons, drinking cups, and other useful articles; its milk is made into butter and cheese, affording marketable articles; and last, but not least, it supplies means of locomotion to its nomade master, in the reindeer sledge, or "*pulk*." Moreover, it supports itself, living on the greenish yellow lichen called reindeer moss (*Cladonia rangiferina*) which covers those popularly miscalled "Scandinavian mountains" in great abundance. Though the moss apparently looks dry and valueless, yet it is a most important and providential gift, as the means of supporting thousands of reindeer, both tame and wild, in these barren regions. In the midst of winter, the deer will remove the snow to a depth of four or five feet with their hoofs, or with their short, lower palmated horns, in order to get at this particular lichen, without which, together with bracing air and perpetual snow, they cannot thrive, nor indeed live for any considerable time. Some of the rich Lapps in Finmarken have herds of 2,000, and occasionally of 4,000 animals. It is computed that the tame reindeer in the provinces of Norland and Finmarken belonging to the Lapps amount to 28,000.

A Sportsman.

The Marysville Cal., Appeal spins the following yarn:

"A few days ago a young man of this city concluded that a little exercise would be beneficial, and procuring a gun and ammunition, and borrowing from a friend a fine setter dog, hied him away to the Buttes for a day's quail shooting. Now, our friend is not much of a sportsman, nor is he well posted on dogs. He came back to town in the evening, weary and hungry, and in no good humor. As is usual, he laid all his bad luck to the dog. Returning him to his master, he wrathfully exclaimed—"Jack, that dog of yours ain't worth a continental ——!" "Why," answered Jack, "he's a good quail dog." "Good quail ——!" replied the amateur; "he's afraid of a quail. He'll get within about ten feet of it, and there he'll stand as stiff as a poker, trembling as if afraid the quail would bite him."

☞ At Wilson's skating park, near the Riverside House, Springwells, Michigan, "Silas," a huge negro, bet that he could skate three times around the bay on his head. A large skate, made of railroad iron for the express occasion, was strapped on his woolly scone, and by the assistance of two umpires they placed him upon his head—each one holding a pedal extremity. By the movement of his head and the muscles of his neck, he propelled around the bay in just nine minutes; but on the home stretch his guides unsuccessfully landed him in an air-hole in the ice, and he went down four feet in the river. He was immediately rescued, and no damage done to his head.

☞ The New York Commercial Advertiser regards it as a little surprising that in the emulation excited among elocutionists of both sexes by Mr. Dickens's success as a reader, it has occurred to no one to read Douglas Jerrold's Curtain Lectures, by Mrs. Caudle. Here is a field for some of those lady lecturers who seem to take so naturally to scolding.

☞ The average weight of hogs this year, according to pork packing statistics, is twenty-seven pounds less than last year.

Horse-Eating.

M. Geoffrey St. Hilaire and other distinguished hippophagists in France have written an affectionate letter to their horse-eating friends in England, offering congratulations upon the results of the new dietary movement in that country. These gentlemen claim that it is "absurd to lose, each month, throughout England, millions of pounds of a meat admittedly wholesome and nourishing, when at the same time throughout England there are millions of human beings who stand in need of meat." In Paris the number of shops for the sale of horse-flesh has increased to twenty-three, and the price per pound is considerably below that asked for beef.

☞ The people of a town in Massachusetts have been disturbed for some time past by a fierce controversy over a site for a post-office. The leading paper now announces with evident gratification that the "great war" is ended; for a wealthy and public-spirited citizen has offered to build a post-office on wheels, and the postmaster has accepted the proposition, while a civil engineer is to keep him informed as to the exact centre of the village. The office will roll about from point to point as the town grows.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been dull. About 6000 bbls sold at $7,50@8,50 for superfine; $8,50@10 for extra; $10@11,75 for low grade and fancy northwest extra family; $10,50@12,50 for Penna extra family; $11@13 for Ohio extra family, and $13@13 ℔ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—500 bbls sold at $8,25@8,50 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts and stocks of Wheat continue light. About 30,000 bus sold in lots at $2,60@2,62 for choice amber; $2,55@2,57 for prime southern and Penna red; $2,30@2,50 for fair to good do; $2,20@2,25 for common, and $2,60@2,15 ℔ bus for white, according to quality. Rye—15,000 bus of prime Penna sold at $1,72@1,75 ℔ bus. Corn—35,000 bus of Penna and Delaware yellow sold at $1,18@1,20, and 30,000 bus of western mixed at $1,23@1,25. Oats—40,000 bus prime Penna sold at 80@83c ℔ bushel.

PROVISIONS—There has been more doing. Sales of Mess Pork at $24,75@25,50, and prime at $23,50. 400 bbls of Beef Hams sold at $25@28 ℔ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 16@19½c, Sides at 13½@14½c, and Shoulders at 12½@13c ℔ lb. Green Meats—800 tcs of pickled Hams sold at 15½@16c, 400,000 lbs of Shoulders at 10½@11c ℔ lb. Dressed Hogs are selling at 11½@12c ℔ lb. Lard—Sales of 700 bbls and tcs at 15@16½c ℔ lb, and kegs in small lots at 17@17½c ℔ lb. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 14@35c, and roll at 25@44c ℔ lb, according to quality. Cheese is selling at 15½@16c ℔ lb. Eggs sell at 38@42c ℔ doz.

COTTON—The market has been rather dull. About 1200 bales of Middlings sold at 22½@23½ ℔ lb for Uplands, and 23½@24½c ℔ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales of 1st No 1 Quercitron are reported at $33 ℔ ton.

COAL—The market continues dull. We quote Locust Mountain lump and steamboat at $3,50; do broken, $3,50@3,65; do egg $3,90@4,10; stove $4@4,25; red ash egg and stove $4,10@4,50; Lehigh lump, steamboat and broken, $5; do prepared, $5; do chestnut, $4,25.

FEATHERS—Sales of 2000 lbs at 60@75c ℔ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Apples—Sales of 50,000 lbs at 7@8½c ℔ lb. Dried Peaches—Sales of 10,000 lbs of quarters at 5@9c, and 30,000 lbs of halves at 11@12c ℔ lb. Pared Peaches range at from 16@22c ℔ lb. Green Apples sell at from $5 to $6 ℔ bbl.

HOPS are in fair demand; sales of New York at 35@50c, and Western at 45@55c ℔ lb.

IRON—Pig Iron is firmly held; sales of 2000 tons Anthracite at $27@30 for No 1; $34@37 for No 2, and $34 ℔ ton for hard.

SEEDS—600 bus Flaxseed sold at $2,90@2,95 ℔ bus.

WOOL—The market has been more active; sales of 800,000 lbs, in lots, at 55@60c for double extra; 50@52c for extra; 47@50c for fine; 43@47c for medium; 37@40c for coarse; 45@52c for tub, and 37@40c ℔ lb for pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1200 head. The prices realized from 10½@11¼ cts ℔ lb. 200 Cows brought from $45 to 75 ℔ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 6@7¼ cts ℔ lb. 2800 Hogs sold at from $12,00 to 13,00 ℔ 100 lbs.

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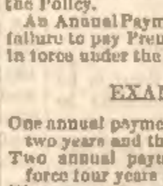
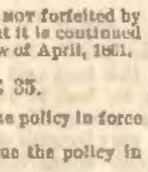


Curls! Curls!



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A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful flowing curls.

Address, with stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio. jan18-3m

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A. D. BOWMAN & CO., 48 Broad St., New York.
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(Established 1861.)

THE GREAT AMERICAN

Tea Company

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

TWO FULL CARGOES

OF THE

FINEST NEW CROP TEAS.

22,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *Golden State*,
12,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *George Shotton*,

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivalled for keeping and delicacy of flavor, which they are selling at the following prices:

OOLONG (Black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb
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Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c ℔ lb in Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

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GREEN UNROASTED COFFEE—25c., 30c., 35c., best 35 cts ℔ lb.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in this paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the Club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the CLUB. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

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BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

POST OFFICE orders and drafts make payable to the order of The Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to (as below, no more, no less)

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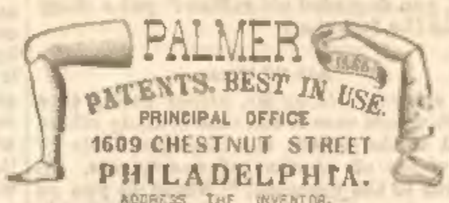

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DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to Dr. PALMER, as above directed. oct26-1y

DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.

FITS—A Sure Cure for these distressing complaints is now made known in a Treatise on *FITS*—Foreign and Native Herbal preparations, *FITS*—published by DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, *FITS*—The prescription was discovered by him in *FITS*—such a providential manner that he cannot *FITS*—conscientiously refuse to make it known, as *FITS*—it has cured everybody who has used it, *FITS*—never having failed in a single case. It is *FITS*—equally sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia, *FITS*—six; and the ingredients may be obtained *FITS*—from any druggist. Sent Free to all on *FITS*—receipt of five cents to pre-pay postage, etc. *FITS*—Address DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 10 *FITS*—Grand St., Jersey City, New Jersey. feb29-2t

THIS IS NO HUMBUG!—By sending 50 cents, and stamp, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address MINNIE CLIFTON, P. O. Drawer No. 40, Foltonville, New York. feb29-4t

$10 A DAY FOR ALL.—Stencil Tool Samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt. feb22-4t

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Published for the TRADE ONLY, will be mailed to all DEALERS who apply.

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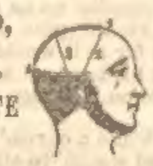

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-cowly

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CHURCH BELLS,
Chimes and Bells of all Sizes for
Churches, Factories, Academies, Steamboats, Plantations, Locomotives, &c.
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I have a new soundpost that will make any violin sound louder and sweeter. *No patent.* Any person sending me one dollar will receive full description. Address J. S. MOORHEAD, Tonica Station, Illinois, Central Railroad. feb29-2t

A WATCH FREE—Given gratis to any live man who will act as agent in a new, light, and honorable business paying $30 per day sure. No Gift enterprise. No humbug. Address R. MONROE KENNEDY & CO., Pittsburg, Pa. mar7-3t

DO YOU WANT TEETH OF PEARL whiteness? Then use A. M. Longstreet's DENTIFRICE. This article is warranted to be free from corrosive ingredients and effectual in cleaning the teeth. For 25 cents I will send to any address, free of postage, one package of this invaluable preparation. Or for $1.25 I will send one package and the receipt for making the same. Enabling you ever after to be your own manufacturer. Address A. M. LONGSTREET, St. Anthony, Minnesota. jan11-3m

AGENTS WANTED.—Our agents say there is more money made and better satisfaction given selling BARBER'S PATENT PICTURE HOLDER, than any other agency business known. Descriptive Circular sent free. Address A. BARBER & BRO., nov28-17t Port Byron, Ills.

FREE GIFTS TO ALL!

A Silk Dress Pattern, a Family Sewing Machine, or Gold Watch,

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For one or two days' service in any town or village. Particulars and samples sent free, by addressing, with stamp, N. B. CLOUDMAN & CO.,
jan25-3m No. 40 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED 1000 GOOD MEN as Agents for the only Genuine Improved $30 Family Sewing Machine in the United States. For Samples and Circulars address O. L. SIMONDS & CO., Manufacturers, Orange, Mass. feb29-3t

$30,000 FOR A FORTUNE.—Every Young Lady or Gentleman who has any desire to accumulate wealth, can have 32 pages of desirable information, and terms to Agents free, by addressing WOOD & CO., Vernon, N. Jersey. feb8-3m

WANTED, LADIES or GENTLEMEN, to sell the Gem Scissors Sharpener, Button Hole Cutter and Ripper, combined. 40 cents for sample or circular free. Mrs. ANNA SMITH,
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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED. Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogue sent for 15 cents postage. MANSON LANG, 91 Columbia St., New York City. nov30-6m

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE SUICIDAL CAT.

There was a man named Furguson,
He lived on Market street,
He had a speckled Thomas Cat,
That couldn't well be beat;
He'd catch more rats and mice and sich
Than forty cats could eat.

This cat would come into the room
And climb up on a cheer,
And there he'd sit and lick hisself
And purr so awful queer,
That Furguson would yell at him—
But still he'd purr-severe.

And then he'd climb the moonlit fence,
And loaf around and yowl,
And spit, and claw another cat
Alongside of the jowl;
And then they both would shake their tails,
And jump around and howl.

Oh, this here cat of Furguson's
Was fearful then to see;
He'd yell precisely like he was
In awful agony;
You'd think a first-class stomach-ache
Had struck some small baby.

And all the mothers in the street,
Waked by the horrid din,
Would rise right up and search their babes,
To find some worryin' pin;
And still this vigorous cat would keep
A hollerin' like sin.

And as for Mr. Furguson,
'Twas more than he could bear,
And so he hurled his boot-jack out,
Right through the midnight air;
But this vociferous Thomas cat,
Not one cent did he care—

For still he yowled and kept his fur
A standin' up on end,
And his old spine a-doublin' up
As far as it would bend,
As if his hopes of happiness
Did on his lungs depend.

But while a curvin' of his spine
And waitin' to attack
A cat upon the other fence,
There came an awful crack;
And this here speckled Thomas cat
Was busted in the back.

When Furguson came down next day,
There lay his old feline,
And not a life was left in him,
Although he had had nine,
"All this here comes," said Furguson,
"Of curvin' of his spine."

Now all ye men whose tender hearts
This painful tale does rack,
Just take this moral to yourselves,
All of you, white and black;
Don't ever go, like this here cat,
To gettin' up your back!

Boils—"A Composition."

A boil is generally very small at first and a fellow hardly notices it, but in a few days it gets to be the biggest of the two, and the chap that has it is of very little account compared with his boil, which then "has him." Boils appear mysteriously upon various portions of the human body, coming when and where "they darn please," and often in very inconvenient places. Sometimes a solitary boil is the sum total of the affliction, but frequently there is a "rebisbin' lot of 'em" to help the first one. If a boil comes anywhere on a person, that person always wishes it had come somewhere else, although it would puzzle him to say just where. Some persons call them "Damboils," but such persons are addicted to profanity—the proper name is boil. If a chap has a boil he generally gets a good deal of sympathy from others—"in a horn." Whoever asks him what ails him laughs at him for his pains to answer, while many unfeeling persons make game of him, or of his misfortunes, or boil. It is very wicked to make sport of persons with boils; they cannot help it, and often feel very badly about it. Physicians don't give boil patients much satisfaction as a general thing, although young physicians who are just beginning to practice are fond of trying their lancets upon them. Boils are said to be "healthy," and judging from the way they take hold and hang on, and ache, and burn, and grow, and raise Cain generally, there is no doubt that they are healthy and have good constitutions. They are generally very lively and playful at night, and it is very funny to see a chap with a good large one, prospecting around his couch for a place where his boil will fit in "without hurting." Boils tend to "purify the blood," strengthen the system, calm the nerves, restrain profanity, tranquilize the spirits, improve the temper and beautify the appearance. They are good things for married men who spend their evenings away from home, as they give them an opportunity to rest their night keys and get acquainted with their families. It is said that boils save the patient a "fit of sickness," but if the sickness is not the best to have it must be an all-fired mean thing. It is also said that a person is better after he has had them, and there is no doubt that one does feel much better after having got rid of them. Many distinguished persons have enjoyed these harbingers of health. Job took the first premium at the county fair for having more achers under cultivation than any other man. Shakspeare had them, and meant boils when he said, "One woe doth tread upon another's heel, so fast they follow." There are a great many remedies for boils, most of which are well worth trying, because, if they don't do any good, they don't hurt the boils. If a chap goes down street with a boil, every man he meets will tell him of a "good thing" for it, among which are Shoemaker's-wax, Mrs. Winslow's Syrup, Trix, Spaulding's Glue, Charlotte Russe, Gum Drops, Water Proof Blacking, Night Blooming Cereus, Chloroform, Kissengen, &c., &c.

☞ "Mamma," said a little one, one day, "have angels wings?" "Oh, certainly," says mamma, full of ideas derived from pictures; "they have wings." "Then what did they want a ladder for to get down to Jacob?"

SHOWING WHAT A WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT THE HOLES IN THE English Railway Carriages are, Particularly During the Holidays.

Feet.

The Grass Valley National is responsible for the following:—

"Maybe," said a husband to his loving spouse, "you wouldn't be so handy displaying those big feet of yours if you knew what occurred when I took your shoe to be mended."

"What is it?—let me know instantly."

"Well, the shoemaker took it in his hand, gazed upon it in silence, and then burst into tears, and wept as if his heart would break."

"Well, what was the numskull crying for?—quick, let me know."

"Well, poor fellow, he said he doted on his grandmother—fairly doted on her. She nursed him, you know, because his mother was feeble, and so—well, he came to this country fifteen years ago, and first he set up in the vegetable line, and got along pretty well, and was about to send for the old lady, when hard times came, and he broke. He went into fruit then, and after that into milk—into all sorts of things, you know; but he got disappointed every time, till this business fetched him out at last, and he sent right off for the old woman. She landed four weeks ago, but died the very same night. It was hard, very hard, after all his waiting and toiling for fifteen years, to get her over at last, and have her die on his hands. He—he—well, he was disgusted. However, he laid her out, and he and his friends sat up with her, and by-and-by the memory of her virtues softened his bitterness and turned it to a tender grief, a settled melancholy, that hung about his spirits like a pall for many days. However, by striving to keep his thoughts employed on other subjects, he was finally beginning to regain some little of old-time cheerfulness, when your shoe reminded him so painfully of his grandmother's coffin—"

A slap in the face, accompanied by "Take that, you degraded old ruffian!" put a sharp end to the feet story.

All Of 'Em.

A story is told by Mr. Alfred Taylor of a youth whose case is like that of many others lured to the church and Sunday-schools by the vision of picnics and sweetmeats. In answer to the question, "Where do you go to Sunday-school, Jimmy?" The little fellow replied—

"Why, marm, I go to Baptisses, and Methodisses, and the Presbyteriums, but I've been trying the 'Piscopals for two or three weeks."

"You don't seem to belong anywhere, then, Jimmy."

"Why, yes, marm; don't you see? I belongs to 'em all, exceptin' the 'Piscopals, but I'm going to jine them too, now."

"Now, Jimmy, what's your idea in goin' to so many?"

"Why, you see, I gets a little of what's going on at 'em all, marm. I gets liberies, and hymn books, and all that, and when they have picnics, I goes to every one of 'em."

Natural Philosophy.

Freddy was mourning over the loss of his knife, and I attempted to console him by telling him that I thought it "must be somewhere."

"Of course it is somewhere, everyfing is somewhere, only b'loons when they're busted."

The same little philosopher, when he was three years old, was questioned by his elder brother in the following fashion:

"Freddy, did God make you up in heaven?"

"Yes," was the unhesitating answer.

"Has He got plenty more little babies up there?"

"Yes," said Freddy, again.

There was a moment of silence, and then the question—

"Well, how did He get you down here?"

"I don't 'member," said Freddy; "I guess I was asleep most of the way!"—*The Corporal.*

☞ Cuffy said he'd rather die in a railroad smash-up than a steamboat burst-up, for this reason: "If you gets off and smashed up, dar you is; but if you gets blowed up on the boat, whar is yer?"

☞ A witness spoke of a particular person as having seen him "partially clad." "Was he not quite nude?" asked the examining counsel. "No," replied the witness, "he wore a pair of spectacles."

☞ This item from a religious paper is quite suggestive: "Rev. Miss Augusta Chapin has removed to Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, where she desires to be addressed."

AGRICULTURAL.

Cutting Wood.

Now is the best time for cutting the year's stock of wood. The snow is shallow, the trees may be cut close to the earth, and there is no unusual obstruction to driving the team over any ordinary ground. There is less danger of corking horses or oxen than when the snow is deep, and besides there is now in most woods much wasting material that may be rescued from decomposition and be made serviceable in the household. The broken branches, the prostrate pines, the upturned oaks, should all be worked up into fuel.

There is a science in preparing wood, which experience has demonstrated. Wood should be cut of an equal length and that not less than four feet, measuring one scarf; it should be cleft except it be quite small, for large round sticks, as indeed any round wood will not readily season if the bark remain entire. Birch, pine, hemlock and beech are especially difficult of curing.

In piling wood, whether at the door or in the forest, if it is to be exposed to the weather, by all means put the bark upward, thereby forming a natural roof for the protection of the solid wood. Wood will not only keep brighter and sounder in this way, but will pack more closely. Wood dealers understand this, and in buying select the piles thus corded; but in selling, they reverse the process, and loading into a cart, put the bark down to make the measure hold out. These are hints worth remembering, whether the reader buys or sells wood, or cuts merely for home use.—*N. H. Farmer.*

How to tell Good Flour.

The proof of a pudding is in the eating, and the best and surest test of flour is to cook it, but it is frequently desirable to know how to select good flour at times when it is very inconvenient to apply this test, and at such times it is well to observe these rules: First, look to the color; if it is white, with a yellowish or straw-colored tint, buy it. If it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with white specks in it, refuse it; second, examine its adhesiveness, wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor; third, throw a little lump of dry flour against a smooth surface, if it falls like powder, it is bad; fourth, squeeze some of the flour in your hand, if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that too is a good sign; fifth, place a thimbleful of it in the palm of the hand, and rub it gently with the finger of the other hand. If it smooths down under the finger, feeling silky and slippery, it is of inferior quality, though of fancy brand, high priced and white as the virgin snow drift. It has been either too low ground or made from damaged wheat, or perhaps having an unusual percentum of gluten—murdered with dull burs, and will never make good, light, wholesome bread. But if the flour rubs rough in the palm, feeling like fine sand, and has an orange tint, purchase confidently. Flour that will stand all these tests, it is safe to buy. It will not disappoint you. Such flour, whatever may be its branded reputation, though its price be at the lowest figure, will make good, light, nutritious bread.

Application of Manures.

There has been a great dispute at the South whether farm yard dung should be applied for wheat directly in the autumn, or whether it should be applied upon grasses. Many advocate the putting of it on the clover at mid-summer; and in almost all cases where it has been so tried it has produced a good effect. Instead of applying it for wheat, in ordinary cases, when the wheat is about to be sown, or on the clover in mid-summer, I apply it in autumn or spring before, upon the clover. The result of pursuing that course is this: You give the clovers a thoroughly good dressing, so as to enable them to grow with much greater rapidity, and to a much greater volume; you also have a far greater amount of roots produced in the soil; and the wheat derives a greater benefit from these roots, in the shape of manure, than if you applied the manure at mid-summer, or when you plough up the land in the autumn. Wherever this plan has been tried—and it has been tried in many places—it has been found efficacious. Experiments have been made, distinctly showing that it is better to apply farm yard dung to green than to corn crops. —*Prof. Nesbit.*

Preserving Eggs for Winter.

A country minister's wife writes to The Scottish Farmer:—"Every evening I take all the eggs collected during the day, and rub them carefully with butter, or the finest and purest lard. Every pore of the shell must be thoroughly filled, otherwise the air cannot be excluded. I have ready a box, or tin canister, and plenty of salt. I put a layer of salt in the bottom of the box, and then place in rows of buttered eggs. Go on alternately with layers of eggs and salt until full, leaving room for the lid closing firmly. The exclusion of air is the great secret of preservation. I have many different sizes of canisters stored in my pantry (on an *open* shelf) with preserved eggs. Those canisters I got from a baker or grocer for a trifle. My one and a half dozen canisters are 3d. each. My largest size contain ten dozen eggs, and cost 1s. The lid is quite as important as the box. Be sure it is close fitting, otherwise you will be vexed to find the eggs like those one gets in London, very unlike *wise like* Scotch eggs. Many ladies tell me they have particular positions for placing the eggs, but I find mine are delicious after four months, by merely placing them *comfortably*, without reference to top or bottom."

Large Farms.

As machinery cannot be used to its fullest extent and with the greatest economy on small farms, Mr. J. Harris says in the American Agriculturist that in this country we must have larger farms. The tendency is already apparent. We may deplore it, and argue against it, but cannot stop it. He adds: It is certainly far better to have a small farm highly cultivated than to have a large one half tilled. But a large farm *may* be cultivated as highly as a small one—and at less expense per acre. In England, as a rule, the largest farmers are the best farmers. One of the most highly cultivated farms I ever saw contained over 3,000 acres, and I do not recollect ever seeing a farm of fifty acres or less, that would at all compare with the more liberally managed large farms. This is very different from what it is here, and one main reason is, a deficiency of working capital.

RECEIPTS.

FISH A LA MAITRE D'HOTEL.—Take a fresh mackerel (or other fish). Split it down the back, and put it in a pan in the oven without anything with it or on it, and cook it. When fish comes off the bones easy with a fork it is done.

For sauce a small tablespoon of butter and a teaspoon and a half of chopped parsley in a saucepan on the fire; the juice of half a lemon.

FISH, ANCHOVY SAUCE.—Put two pounds black-flesh fish on the fire, just covered with cold water, slices of onion and carrot, parsley, thyme and a bay leaf, salt and pepper. After it begins to boil keep it on two minutes.

Put half a tablespoon of butter and flour in a pan; when melted, stir in a gill of the fish water; then a tablespoon of essence of anchovy.

ONION SOUP.—Chop fine six onions, and fry them in a gallon saucepan, with two ounces of butter or dripping fat, stirring them continuously until they become of a very light color; then add six ounces of flour or oatmeal, and moisten with three quarts of water; season with pepper and salt, and stir the soup while boiling for twenty minutes, and when done, pour it out into a pan or bowl containing slices of bread.

BEEF A-LA-MODE.—Take part of a round of beef, bone it, and make incisions, which are filled with a stuffing of bread, butter, thyme, pepper, salt, a little minced onion, and yolk of egg. After the meat is stuffed, bind it with tape, and put in an oven, with water enough to cover it, and let it stew slowly for three hours. Keep a lid on the oven whilst it is stewing, and if more water is needed, add boiling water. The gravy will require no thickening, but a glass of wine will improve it.

AN EXCELLENT WAY OF PREPARING TONGUES TO EAT COLD.—Season with common salt and saltpetre, brown sugar, a little bay-salt, pepper, cloves, mace, and allspice, in fine powder, for a fortnight; then take away the pickle, put the tongue into a small pan, and lay some butter on it; cover it with brown crust, and bake it slowly till so tender that a straw will go through it; put it into a tin mould, and press it well, laying in as much of the fat as possible.

The thin part of tongues, if hung up to dry, grates like hung beef, and also makes a fine addition to the flavor of omelets.

FRIED CABBAGE.—Boil or steam the cabbage until tender; put it in a fryingpan with a little hot pork fat and fry until of a rich brown. Onions may be fried in the same way, but do not need to be boiled.

A NICE STEW.—Put into a stew-pan a beef or mutton bone, half a dozen onions, six or eight pared potatoes and a little salt; when nearly done add one-half teacupful of rice, a small piece of butter, a little pepper, etc. Thicken with a teaspoonful of flour mixed with a little water and serve hot.

A GOOD CEMENT.—Alum and plaster of Paris well mixed with water, and used in a liquid state, will form a very useful cement. It will be found quite handy for many purposes. It forms a very hard composition, and for fixing the brasses, etc., on lamps, nothing could be better.

POTATO POULTICE.—When there is the necessity to use a poultice, no person who has once experienced the comfort of a potato poultice, will again use bread. It is light, and keeps hot a long time, can again be reheated, and, more than all, does not moisten the garments or bedclothes which it comes in contact with. Pare and boil the potatoes, strain, and then mash them with a fork over the fire. Put them in a bag, and apply the poultice as hot as the patient can bear it.

☞ "A lighted lamp," writes M'Cheyne, "is a very small thing, it burns calmly and without noise, yet it giveth light to all who are in the house." And so there is a quiet influence which, like the flame of a scented lamp, fills many a home with light and fragrance. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

☞ A bore—the man who persists in talking about himself when you wish to talk about yourself.

THE RIDDLED.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 1, 2, 11, 10, 7, 5, is a river in Europe.
My 1, 2, 11, 10, 3, 5, is a river in North America.
My 11, 1, 2, 7, 12, 5, is a town in Ohio.
My 9, 6, 11, 1, are mountains in Africa.
My 5, 8, 12, 11, is a town in Southern Africa.
My 11, 6, 1, 8, 12, is a town in Indiana.
My 5, 3, 11, 6, is a lake in one of the British provinces.
My 4, 8, 12, 4, 11, 12, are islands in Europe.
My 5, 11, 6, 3, 10, is a town in New Jersey.
My 4, 12, 12, is a river in Europe.
My 11, 1, 2, 7, 12, 5, is a county in Ohio.
My 9, 11, 6, 6, is a river in the United States.
My 11, 6, 11, 10, 8, is a river in Mexico.
My 11, 6, 1, 8, 12, is a town in Texas.
My whole is an island in Europe of about 50,000 inhabitants.

W. T. STONEBRAKER.
West Milton, O.

☞ An answer is requested.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in pillow, but not in bed.
My second's in merman, but not in maid.
My third is in forward, but not in go.
My fourth is in plow, but not in mow.
My fifth is in yours, but not in mine.
My sixth is in token, but not in sign.
My seventh is in day, but not in night.
My eighth is in running, but not in flight.
And my whole gives *some* ladies great delight.

AMICUS.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have two cubical stacks of hay; the side of one is three yards longer than the side of the other; and the difference of their contents is 117 solid yards. Required—the side of each.

W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find two square numbers, such that 211 times the less subtracted from the greater shall leave a remainder of 1.

MELVILLE.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When is the moon at home? Ans.—When she is *in her quarters.*

☞ What is the only thing that can live on fire? Ans.—A live coal.

☞ What is that which if you take the whole away, there is always some left? Ans.—Wholesome.

☞ Where do you find the earliest mention of a free admission to the theatre? Ans.—When Joseph was let into the pit by his brethren for nothing.

☞ Why are corn and potatoes like the idols of old? Ans.—Because the former have ears and hear not and the latter have eyes and see not.

Answer to Last.

ENIGMA—"Never despair while fog's in the air. A sunshiny morning comes without warning."

Shopping for Fun.

She deliberately took off her own bonnet and commenced trying those that were on the saloon table. One after another she took them up, and put them on her head, till she had seen about thirty casting their differently combined tints over her complexion. She invited my comments and suggestions upon each one. She viewed herself in each in the five mirrors of the saloon, and in all the various lights she could command, and place herself in every conceivable attitude before them.

One thing or another was the fault in every one of them. She had asked the price of all, and cheapened them each to the lowest possible fraction for which they could be bought.

She then went to the side table, and performed the same operation upon herself with fifteen or twenty more. There were none that exactly suited.

"Haven't you some put away in drawers?" she asked. I went the same rounds with a dozen drawers containing six or eight bonnets apiece.

When those were exhausted she pointed to the window, and asked if I would be kind enough to bring her two handsome bonnets that were hanging there.

Something in the inner life, probably it was that attribute of the dual denominated penetration, admonished me that she didn't wish to purchase a bonnet, but was seeking an afternoon's entertainment at our expense. Another something—whether it was a spirit tapping, or tapping at the inner door I know not—admonished me that there are times, when, to practice the forbearing policy of the remarkable patriarch, of whom I have been speaking, is to cast pearls before swine. Instead of starting for the desired bonnets, I looked her steadily in the eye while I modulated my voice to a very respectful tone, and replied,

"If you really wish to buy a bonnet, I will go down and get them; but I fear they will suit you no better than the others have done."

She saw that her *role* was played to the end, and a successful actress she had proved herself. She had confined her audience in the closest attention for about two hours. The other two bonnets were beyond her reach. With the most inimitable coolness and unconcern she looked me back, and replied:

"I don't wish to buy a bonnet. I bought mine last week."—*Diary of a Milliner, published by Hurd & Houghton.*

☞ Virginia City, Nevada, is caving in. A gentleman went to look for his boarding-house the other day, and on returning, was asked his success. "Well," said he, "I found everything settled except my bill."